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Humorous romance

By . . .

LEW DIETZ

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MONKEY BUSINESS

THE instant Elliot Ramsey stepped out of the lift into the reception room he realised that all was not well with the firm of Ticknor and Adams.

The reception girl was standing on her desk. Then a door banged and someone skated by with a waste-paper basket. Someone else shot past him with a curtain rod.

Elliot blinked his mild blue eyes. He opened his mouth to make some inquiry. He shut it just in time. At that instant something small and furry hurtled through the air, touching briefly on the desk, then striking solidly against his chest. Six inches from his face two red little eyes were regarding him with baleful interest. Elliot stared back, his only immediate reaction being a rather ineffectual thought that there must be some mistake. Then he saw something else, and his reaction was immediate and uncompromising.

The girl coming towards him, aroused and vivid, was the most exciting thing he'd seen since his first bicycle.

"Jocko!" she cried with anguish. "My poor, sweet little darling!"

At that moment Elliot's hand had been raised to brush the trespassing little beast from his person. But he changed his tactics and said, looking into those deep violet eyes:

"He is cute, isn't he?"

"A devilish, flea-bitten little rodent!" This was Homer Ticknor, face flushed, tie adrift. "Elise, isn't it enough that I have to have that little beast around the house? Do you think an advertising office is any place for that thing? Just look at this office!" he shrieked.

"Just look at poor little Jocko," Elise countered spiritedly. "Look at his little heart pit-a-patting. If it hadn't been for Mr——"

"Ramsey. Elliot Ramsey." Elliot could think of no better time to clinch the introduction. "It was really nothing," he added hastily to hold his advantage. "I'm very fond of animals, and I suppose he must have sensed it."

"You were wonderful, Mr. Ramsey! I don't know how to thank you! You do love animals; I can tell by your eyes. I can always tell by people's eyes."

Jocko was at that moment exploring his ear. Elliot shuddered, but knew this was no time to betray the fact that he had no love for monkeys, that he had always considered them repulsive physically and loose morally. His paramount idea was to take Elise Ticknor to lunch.

It was Homer Ticknor who smoothed the way. Recovered miraculously from his nervous breakdown he was ushering them, one on each arm, to the lift. "Come to think of it, my boy," he said heartily, "you have got nice eyes. Don't know when I've seen kinder. Sawtelle," he said to the grey little man who still held a curtain rod, "make a note of that."

That was how it came about that Elliot took Elise to lunch. By the time Jocko had chewed both his shoelaces and riddled his socks he and Elise had exchanged life histories.

"I'm so glad I've met someone who really loves monkeys," Elise said gratefully. "Did I tell you how I happened to get Jocko? Did you know that Jocko is a real jungle monkey?"

"I guessed he might be," Elliot said.

"A friend of mine, Henry Gregory, went on a hunting trip with his uncle to India, and I said, 'Henry, don't forget to send me a monkey.' You know how you say such a thing as a joke."

"And Henry," Elliot said, shaking Jocko out of his trouser leg, "didn't have a sense of humor. He sent you a monkey."

"Exactly. Oh, you'd like Henry. I should have known it was just the sort of thing he'd do." Then she smiled enchantingly. "But let's not talk about Henry Gregory, Mr. Ramsey."

So that was how Jocko brought them together. It was a momentous meeting for Elliot. First of all, he fell in love. Secondly, Homer Ticknor one afternoon several weeks later called Elliot into his office and offered him a job at double the salary he was getting. Naturally, Elliot blinked.

Homer Ticknor slammed his hand down on his desk. "Fact is, I like you, Elliot. I—er—like your eyes. I—ah—assume that you still find yourself fond of animals?"

Elliot stirred uneasily. "Most animals," he said cautiously.

Mr. Ticknor felt thoughtfully along his massive jaw. "And I suspect that you are more than a little fond of Elise."

Having seen her practically every night for two weeks, Jocko and all, there was no sense in pussyfooting on that issue. "Yes, sir, I do. Do you mean that if I should—I mean if she would—I mean would you—"

"Approve? I'd be tickled to death! You see, I love my daughter very much." He added more moderately, "I want her to be happy. I'm overjoyed that she has found someone who shares her enthusiasms. Ever since she was a little girl Elise has wanted a monkey. I know you're going to love awaking in the morning realising you shared your bed with a dirty little furry animal!"

"Yes, sir," Elliot agreed weakly.

"Of course! The basis of every successful marriage is common tastes," Homer Ticknor said bluffly. He began peeling a wrapper from a cigar. "It would be too bad if something should happen to Jocko. It would be a shame if someone should steal him some dark night and pack him off to a menagerie. Oh, don't look so astonished. There are men like that in this world—I hope."

"You mean," Elliot said, "that if—that you think I——"

"Not another word," Homer Ticknor said dismissively. "You're a blankety-blank idiot if you don't!"

. . . . . .

All the way up to the Ticknor home that evening Elliot struggled with his conscience. For weeks he'd prayed that something might happen to Jocko. But even with the purest of motives could Elliot bring himself to steal from the girl he loved?

The moment he entered the living room he knew his baser side had triumphed. Elise called out that Jocko would entertain him until she was dressed. Jocko took over his duty with alacrity. Elliot knew then that he not only could but would steal.

And that was how Jocko came to be secreted in the inner pocket of his reversible with the zipper neatly zipped.

That was how the moment came when, free and unencumbered, Elliot poured out his heart. "Darling, you are sweet," said Elise, "and I think I love you very much."

There it was. As simple as that. And Elliot could find no words to express his joy.

It wasn't until much later—until they were at the door absorbed in tender leave-taking—that Jocko poked his head out through the torn lining of the coat.

Elliot could feel his face turn green. Elise looked at Jocko, then at Elliot. "Darling," she fairly screamed. "Look at him! Elliot, he wants to go home with you."

"What!" Elliot gulped. "Oh, I hardly think so." He tried to evict Jocko. Jocko resisted.

"Elliot darling," Elise exclaimed, "I've been selfish about Jocko. For weeks Dad's been telling me I've been selfish. You know what I'm going to do?"

Elliot didn't need two guesses. "Honey, I wouldn't think of it! I know just what Jocko means to you."

"That's why you must have him, darling. I want you to know how much you mean to me. Please—not another word. We'll all be together again soon."

And that was how Elliot trudged home through a drizzling rain, richer by one monkey, and the cloud that had been no larger than a man's hand began swelling ominously on the horizon.

The first few days of Jocko's companionship were very bad. The next few days were progressively worse. In the struggle of wills was the question of whether Jocko would become a pet or the flat a jungle. Jocko won in a walkover.

IT was one day just after Elise had left on a short visit to Boston that Elliot arrived at a certain decision. It was the evening when he found Jocko tired but happy after a particularly busy day asleep in the bread-box with his little head on the morning coffee cake. Curiously enough his travail hadn't dimmed his love for Elise a whit. What it had done was to deepen a dislike for a certain Henry Gregory until it had become almost pathological. So that night Elliot went to the phone book and ran a trembling finger down the Gregorys.

The dark plot was further advanced when there was no answer from the other end of the wire. Less than an hour later Elliot was going up the stairs of a strange apartment house accompanied by the superintendent.

"A little surprise package," Elliot explained, with a nod at the quivering basket. "Remember, you don't know anything about it."

"About what?" asked the superintendent sagely, tucking a note into his pocket. "I don't know nothing."

The next day Elliot went to the office with bright eyes and springing step. Upon Elise's return it would be a simple matter to redeem Jocko with a glib explanation that no doubt a monkey, like a dog, sometimes returns to his original owner.

There was not a cloud in the sky that next day. That is, not until just after four o'clock, when Elliot's phone rang. It was Elise.

"Darling—what do you think!"

"Elise! You—you aren't home, are you?"

"I'm calling from home now, Elliot, aren't you glad? You sound so strange."

"Of course, I'm glad, honey, only . . ."

"You did give me a start. It was silly, wasn't it, darling? Elliot, I can't wait to see them together."

"Jocko! My poor, sweet little darling!" Elise cried with anguish.

"See what together?"

"What? Didn't I tell you? Elliot, I have another monkey!"

"You've got another what?"

"Monkey—and he looks enough like Jocko to be his twin. I just know they're going to adore each other. Can't you just see them playing together? I'll meet you at your place in about half an hour. 'Bye, darling."

There was a clicking sound. Elliot rose, staggered three times around his desk, then all at once he dived for the phone.

A moment later a tired voice came over the wire. "Henry Gregory speaking."

"Look," Elliot yelled, "don't waste any time asking foolish questions. This is a matter of life and death. Have you or haven't you a monkey?"

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Remember me?

BY ALISON CLARE

Romance can invade even a busy casualty ward, the young doctor discovered . . .

DOWN the whole uninspired length of the ward, windows were open, begging for the breezes that came so rarely. At the balcony window a red-haired sister stood, moodily staring out across the close-grouped hospital buildings to the desert beyond.

A soldier in a wheel-chair, propelling himself down a concrete path, waved and grinned. She waved back automatically, unsmiling, and continued to stare at the uninteresting scene. To the right, where the last hospital shed faded into sand, the sand took over and went on and on, melting into more and more eternities of sand. Only occasionally was it relieved by a grey-green blistering of rocks or bushes. To the left again buildings dipped into the desert, but she could see a crazy little railway line that wandered off tipsily to the horizon.

At sight of the rails the red-haired sister sighed. They led to Cairo, and Cairo—oh, Cairo led to all kinds of splendid possibilities. There you went to parties and had rich, expensive meals and whatever kind of gaiety you craved. There the extremely competent Sister Shefton, from one of the Australian hospitals, was lost in the background of enjoyment, while Valerie Shefton, pretty girl and good companion, emerged.

It was only two days since she had come back from extended leave, but already routine had seized upon pleasure and given it the faded tint of time far past. She sighed again and had one of her periodic fits of wondering why she had become an Army nurse. Romance? Glamor? There was precious little of either in this desert hospital, with its full complement of sick and broken boys.

The soldier down below waved again, and, getting out of his chair, he took several uncertain steps, looking up at her with defiant but pathetic pride. Instantly she forgot the dead delights of Cairo.

"Oh the fool!" she thought, "the great, stupid fool, when he's got this far; when I've pulled him on this far!" She leaned dangerously out from the window and shouted:

"You silly man, get back in that chair at once!"

He looked up at her uncertainly. Shefton, he thought, was a bit of a tartar, though she knew her job and all that. He settled back in the chair. Then he grinned. She had caught her veil against the clip on the window-frame. As he watched it fluttered just beyond her frantic grasp. She leaned out further, desperately grabbing, and her red hair shook loose and sprayed out like a fire against her face. The veil fell on to a shrub and she shook her head despairingly. Then she looked down at him, waved her fist threateningly, but laughed.

The soldier thought, "Gosh, I thought she was plain, but she's a humdinger with her hair loose and when she laughs."

Dr. Alec Watts, a recent arrival, was coming up the path. He saw the veil alight on a shrub, twirl like a windy leaf for a moment, and be still. He looked up and caught the laugh, saw the flaming hair hanging about her.

"Gosh, she's lovely," he thought in the second before the laughing girl drew back from the window and the competent sister, but still minus veil, reappeared. He recognised her then as the tall, capable one who had only just come back from leave.

With a mock bow he picked up the veil and then, moved by a sudden schoolboy impulse, he kissed one hand to her and with the other held the veil to his heart.

It was an unfortunate moment for Matron to appear from the kitchen block. He felt a fool and knew that he must look it, yet in the moment of embarrassment he felt glad that she had not tried to duck away from the window, but faced up to the matron. He heard her explain, in a cool, pleasant voice.

"I leant out too far, Matron, and lost my veil."

Matron nodded and said icily:

"Yes, Sister, if you'll wait, I'll bring up your veil." She held out her hand.

"Thank you, Dr. Watts. Very kind of you to bother when you're so busy." She passed on.

They did not meet again until next day, when he marvelled at the change in her face, unsmiling, and with hair smooth and tucked in. He whispered as he turned with her from a new case.

"Look here, I'm sorry I was such an ass. Did you get bawled out?"

She smiled at him and in the same second he was deeply grateful to the powers that had arranged his transfer. She said:

"Oh, that's all right. It was Johnson's fault, really. If he hadn't got out of his chair I wouldn't have lost the thing."

Inexplicably, surveying her appraisingly, he was urged to add:

"But surely you've been told that you shouldn't wear anything on your hair, really. Hiding such a light under such a bushel . . ."

She grinned. "I know. My head's a handy thing to have about when the electric plant fails."

He noticed her eyes were big and grey, the lashes quite dark for a redhead. Her nose, which was decidedly snub, stopped her from being beautiful.

Dr. Watts, case-hardened, eye-immune, mouth-appeal-proof bachelor, was grateful for the snub nose. It brought him up short, hard against the fact that a busy casualty ward in a Middle East hospital is no place for rhapsodising on a nurse's features.

Matron shared his views. She came up to them, stopped.

"Sister, will you go over to help Dr. Grey in B, please. Good-morning, Dr. Watts. A lovely day."

She hurried away. To them, separating, she seemed a hard female Jove, plotting against them. To herself she was saying, "Why did they have to send such a good-looking young doctor? I know the signs, confound them! And Shefton the best nurse I've got!"

Valerie Shefton was inclined to be dreamy about her duties that day, capable as always, but a little abstracted. The soldier in the chair, now ruefully back in bed, grinned at her.

"Gee, Sister," he said, "if I could put that look in your eyes . . ." He gave a comedian's sigh. "It was me that made you drop your veil," he added gaily, "just call me Cupid!" That recalled her. She said:

"Johnson, I ought to slap you down. I'll tell Matron you got out of your chair if you don't behave." But she smiled as she went off.

"Don't tell anyone," he grinned, "but my Christian name's Percival Alexander."

Contact about the hospital was difficult. In the wards they met briefly, smiled, added a few words to hospital jargon, and found the days fled. Off duty, it was worse.

Matron ostentatiously drew them together or apart in the wards. Others did it in the recreation-room. In two weeks they had scarcely exchanged more than the usual conventional phrases, the usual hospital gossip. Neither could regain the cheerful confidence of that first meeting.

She was smoking a cigarette in the apologetic garden one night and wondering why his coming had seemed to be just a continuance of something that began a long time ago, when he came up.

"Look here," he said in greeting, "isn't it crazy, but I don't even know your Christian name. What is it?"

"Valerie. What's yours?"

He grinned. "Don't tell anyone, but it's Percival Alexander!"

The sand beyond the garden had a diamond sheen under the moon. He looked from it to the darkened brilliance of her hair and her pretty face, now breaking into a smile. She slipped down from the rail hurriedly.

"Buster! Buster Watts, from Newcastle!"

He jumped. "What is this? Witchcraft?"

She was clutching his arm, moving excitedly from one foot to the other.

"Look at me. Look at me, Percival Alexander Watts, commonly known as Buster. Oh, you ass! Don't you remember me?"

He didn't, but he went on looking. Now he thought that even her nose was beautiful. He looked closer and had to kiss her. She said, when it was over, "You've done that before, too."

"I don't believe it. Why ever would I have left off? But I'll do it again." He did.

Valerie sighed, and said:

"Oh, Buster, to think you'd grow into such a nice bloke. You were a little wart. And when you kissed me before—at my twelfth birthday party—I punched your face."

"Hey, what is this?" he began, then suddenly gave a shout:

"Good lord, you're the Shefton kid from down the road. Bill's little sister, that he had to mind on Saturdays."

She nodded happily. "Life's pretty grand, isn't it?"

"But I can't believe it's you. You were such a fat little bloater of a kid. Remember the afternoon your father gave Bill and me a good whacking for blowing up the wash-house roof with our experiments? And you made toffee for the wounded heroes? Where's Bill?"

"In Cairo. We often wondered what happened to you after you left Newcastle. You always said you'd be a doctor. Remember when you cut the leg off my sleeping doll and I howled myself sick? 'Member the picnic at Toronto and me nearly drowning myself? And you jumping in and grabbing me?"

He moved closer. "I remember something else about that picnic. D'you?"

Her eyes sought the sand, the moon, her watch. Her cheeks colored. "We'd better be getting back, don't you think? It's late."

But he pressed the question. "Don't you remember what you said to me when I'd pumped all the water out of you in good Boy Scout tradition. Don't you remember? I seem to recall . . ."

There was nothing left of the competent Sister Shefton. She was shy, confused, but honest.

"Yes, I remember. I—I—er declared that I was going to marry you, didn't I?" She looked at her watch again and repeated, "It's late."

He took hold of her arms and held her still for a few seconds. He turned her face up to the stars, and it was at this moment that the gods, or fate, or some malevolent influence intervened, and sent out into the night the urgent voice of the medical superintendent.

"Watts, Watts! Where are you?"

He let her go, ruefully.

"What a time to pick! But wait here to-morrow for me, will you, snubby-nose, for Chapter II?"

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Continuing . . . Monkey Business

from page 2

GREGORY'S voice was suspicious and uncommunicative. "Who are you?"

"What difference does it make who I am? You can answer a civil question, can't you? Have you got a monkey?"

"I had a monkey."

"You mean you haven't got it now?" Elliot shouted. "You've got to have a monkey! What have you done with that monkey?"

"What's it to you what I've done with my monkey? Matter of fact, I gave him away. And I don't want to hear any more about monkeys. I'm sick of monkeys. If I ever so much as see a monkey again——"

"Stop yelling about monkeys and listen to me," Elliot pleaded. "Did you by any chance give that monkey to a girl named Elise?"

There was a block of silence. Then Henry said, "There's something funny about this business. How did you know I have a girl named Elise?"

"You haven't got a girl named Elise," Elliot contradicted. "But if you did have, what do you mean by giving her monkeys? Now what am I going to do?"

"I have one very good suggestion," Henry said pointedly. "And that goes double for the monkey!" And Henry hung up.

. . . . . .

Elise was waiting for Elliot in the vestibule when he arrived at his apartment house just after five. Her breath-taking loveliness gave one extra blow to his misery.

Her arms flew round his neck and she kissed him. "Oh, darling, it's so good to see you! How's Jocko?"

He did think she might have asked how he was first. Even in the dim light she must have seen he looked ghastly. The fact was Jocko looked indestructibly healthy. He was at that moment peering out of the shopping bag slung over Elise's shoulder. Elliot couldn't be sure, but the impression he got was that Jocko winked.

"Jocko," Elliot said dully, "is fine."

"Well, darling, come along!" Elise exhorted. "I can't wait to see them together. This," she explained, holding up the bag in triumph, "is Beppo. Isn't he sweet?"

"Pretty sweet." Elliot agreed with what enthusiasm he could muster. "But the fact is——"

"Elliot—you look so odd. Nothing's wrong? Not—not . . ."

Elliot swallowed thrice. He realised the futility of temporising longer. He was in a jam, and there just wasn't any way out. Jocko, no matter how you looked at him, was only one monkey.

"Matter of fact," Elliot mumbled, "it is about Jocko."

"You mean," Elise gasped, "he's not here?"

"He's here. That is—no. The fact is he isn't here. You see—well, Jocko looked skinny and run-down and I thought maybe a week in the country . . ."

"Elliot!"

"Please don't shout," Elliot pleaded. "My nerves aren't so good. I've been through too much. If you just try to be calm and reasonable——"

"Calm? Reasonable? I should be calm and reasonable while you stand there lying to me! You are lying, Elliot. It's written all over your face. What's happened to Jocko?"

"I told you what happened to Jocko!"

"Now who's shouting? I won't have you shouting at me!"

"I've got to shout if you won't listen to reason. Does that monkey mean more to you than I do? Is that it? Is that it? Another thing—I don't like that cad Henry. What does he mean by giving you monkeys? And what do you mean by accepting presents from other men? Haven't you any sense of propriety? Haven't you any—any sense?"

"Elliot!" Elise's face was white, her violet eyes sprung wide with astonishment and disbelief. "Do you know what you're saying?"

"Of course I don't know what I'm saying. I'm a sick man. My sanity is hanging on a tenuous thread. Take him away. Take that mangy little floor mop of a monkey out of my sight! Take him and—Elise!

But Elise was already gone. Elliot was staring bleakly at a ring that lay warm and gleaming in the palm of his hand. He didn't move for a long time. Then mechanically he dropped the ring into his pocket and went upstairs to his rooms.

In the morning he telephoned the office and told them he was sick. He walked around the narrow confines of his flat for two hours, then went out into the streets.

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Remember Me?

Continued from page 3

THERE was no to-morrow night. There was only a to-morrow morning and a brief, blasphemous note from him to say he had gone. He thought it would be to Greece, and she was to know that he'd be back some day to "begin where they left off."

Matron admired Shefton's serenity that day. The girl could take it, she thought, and in a moment of weakness she called her to her office. Regretting her impulse as it came, Matron heard herself asking the most capable member of her nursing staff if she would prefer to stay there or to join a batch of nurses leaving for an advanced post. She was not surprised, but annoyed with herself, when the girl chose the latter.

. . . . . .

Life in the desert hospital had been busy, but in Greece there was scarcely time to think. They seemed to be always on the move, and wherever they went there was an unending stream of wounded men flowing through on the long, hard journey back.

After the first month Valerie gave up hope of meeting her "Buster" again. She heard of him occasionally, and knew that he was doing a grand job in the thick of the fighting. Then at last they knew definitely there was to be an evacuation and the nightmare trip to the coast began. There was a shortage of drivers, and Valerie took her place at the wheel of an emergency ambulance.

Three times that first day the girl drove the car into the sparse camouflage of trees while the bombers made a shambles of the road. At night it was worse. The convoy of ambulances had been assembled in the trees behind a farm and the barn was made into an emergency ward. The nurses and the one weary doctor worked through the night under ceaseless bombing.

With dawn the planes vanished for a while and the diminished convoy went on.

When at last they reached the coast and could see the little cluster of ships and the beach studded with men, Valerie was bereft of all emotion. In her great weariness of body and spirit she could not even be thankful.

There was no time left for talk, only for action. For a while the planes left them alone and the crowd on the beach diminished. The boats moved out to sea and only one destroyer remained. A doctor, looking at Valerie's strained face and vacant eyes, said:

"Will you go now, nurse, with this last case?" He pushed her forward. Valerie shook her head.

"No, I'm staying. You'll need me."

There was no time to argue, had the doctor wanted to. Gratefully, he saw her working beside him again. She had no hat and her uniform was torn and stained, but still somehow she looked trim. Her red hair was a brilliant, defiant note of color in the miserable scene.

The destroyer left. "More boats soon," said the doctor cheerfully, hoping he spoke the truth, and as he said it, the planes came again, chasing the ships, strafing the shore.

"More men, too," said Valerie, nodding to a straggling, exhausted group of soldiers staggering down the hill. One of the men shouted something and broke into a travesty of a run. They were too far off to distinguish him clearly, and a shell burst between the two groups. Valerie fell on her face automatically, but too late. When she got up there was a warm red trickle running across one limp arm.

SHE grinned faintly at the doctor.

"My arm," she said, a little dimly, "not much use for a while, I'm afraid." The earth and sky were both jazzing about her and she could hear the soldier shouting quite close now. Someone grabbed her, holding her tightly but tenderly. Someone kissed her drooping face a little desperately.

"Hey, Watts," she dimly heard the doctor say, "What do you think you're doing."

Valerie forced her whirling senses together again and opened her eyes. Unbelievably, it was "Buster."

"What do you think he's doing?" she whispered. "He's kissing me."

Hours later she opened her eyes to the stars and the sea. She was on a boat and it was moving. "Buster" sat beside her, asleep against the sleeping back of a soldier. She lifted her good arm and touched his face happily. Immediately his eyes were open and focused on her face.

"I didn't believe it," he said, and let his fingers slip through her hair. "But it's true. When I saw that red hair flaming down on the beach I let out a yell that would have knocked over a whole regiment of Jerries. I knew there couldn't be two of you over here with Belisha beacons for heads."

He moved slowly away from the supporting soldier and propped him, still asleep, against another.

Then he drew Valerie up against him.

"Hello, sweetheart," he said. "Now for Chapter II. Where were we?"

"Where were we?" she repeated. "I think—I hope—you were just going to ask me to marry you, and I'm sure I was just going to say yes!"

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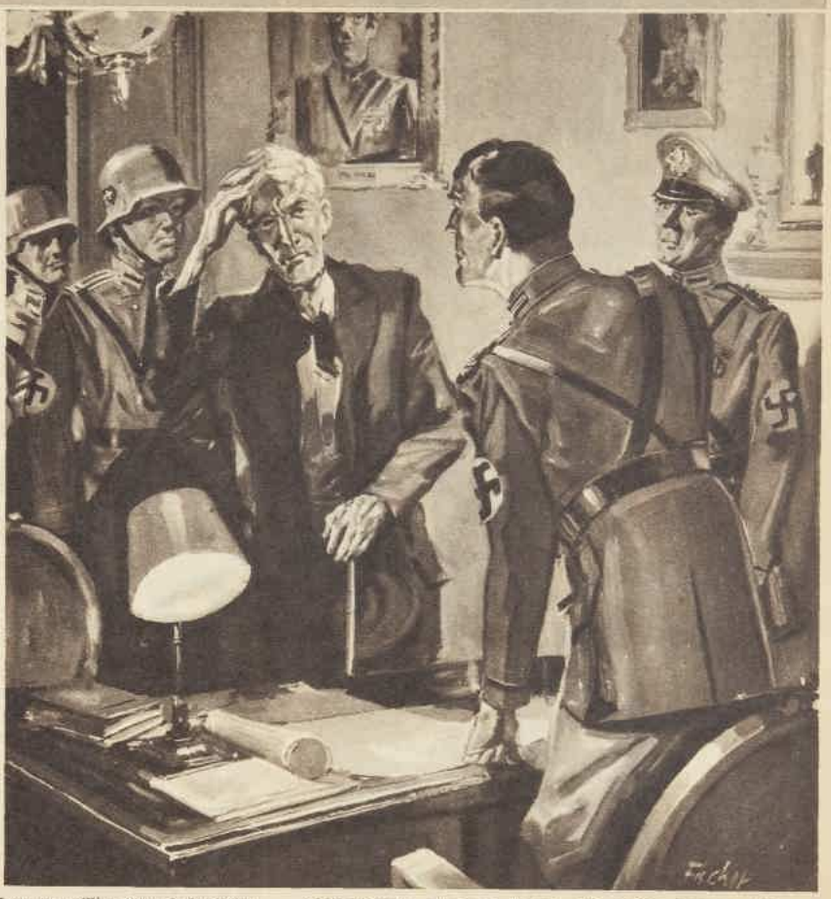
THE CONQUEROR'S DAY

Keen wit to trick the Nazi rulers lurked where it was least expected



"Monsieur!" Ficheul began, his voice hoarse. "You arrested my boy."

By WILLIAM E. WHITE

WHEN the Germans invaded the Alonts district, seventy-five miles north of Paris, they chose the villa of M. Diretot for their headquarters, and appointed Colonel Heinrich von Plauen commandant.

On a bright autumn morning von Plauen set out by car after breakfast on his customary tour of the town and district. It was pleasant driving in the brisk morning air, but suddenly he sat up tensely in his seat.

"Halt!"

The car was at the end of the wall around the villa gardens. A group of soldiers were standing with pails and brushes. Von Plauen snapped at his adjutant, "Find out what those men are doing."

The adjutant returned in a moment and reported in a flat voice, "They are erasing a scribbling on the wall."

"What sort of scribbling? Have the men step aside."

The adjutant barked an order.

On the wall, in grey paint, was a drawing of an army officer, a colonel. Under it was written in German, "This, too, will pass."

Von Plauen looked at it coldly. To the chauffeur he said curtly, "Drive on!"

At two minutes to nine von Plauen returned to the villa and went immediately to work in the library. He summoned Captain Lorsch, second in command and an old personal friend.

"Herr Captain," von Plauen began, each word ice-tipped, "another cartoon was on the wall this morning. Why wasn't it stopped?"

"If I had known——!" The ripples of fat on Lorsch's face began to redden.

"Selbstverstandlich! I don't expect you to know." His voice crackled. "Who was on guard from midnight until seven?"

"Private Mulbach."

"Arrest him until we can examine him. Because similar cartoons continue to appear I shall impose a fine of twenty-five thousand francs on this town!"

"It could be the work of children," Lorsch insisted weakly.

"With the inscription spelled correctly in German? It is another instance of the sort of French behaviour we have met ever since coming here—continued disrespect to everything German." He pushed a buzzer on the inter-office communications box. "Get Mayor Buquet on the telephone."

An answer came quickly: "The mayor is out in the country visiting a brother. He will be back at three."

"Leave word for him to be here at four."

The commandant settled back to his work, a frown slowly fading from his face. Then an orderly entered with a message in his hand. As the commandant read it his face darkened.

"The swine!" von Plauen exploded, waving the dispatch. "From Paris! They shot another German officer last night, right on the street! Colonel von Silten!" He shook his head sadly. "What can be done with these French?"

"If I may say so, Herr Commandant," Lorsch said carefully, "this assassination emphasises one precaution you should take here. You still permit Frenchmen to come here to see you without having them thoroughly searched first."

"I'm not afraid of them."

"I'm sure Colonel von Silten wasn't afraid of them."

That impressed von Plauen. He nodded. "The French may think this is open season on colonels. Very well, Herr Captain. Issue orders to search every Frenchman who comes here."

For a half hour the men worked in silence. Then an orderly knocked. He announced, "Herr Sergeant Linter."

A round middle-aged man with red face entered and saluted. Then he said with unexpected awkwardness, "Herr Commandant, I have been in charge of the grain collections."

"And the quota is all in?"

"All in yesterday, Herr Commandant."

"Then you've done very well," von Plauen said. "You're a week ahead of the dead line."

"Yes, Herr Commandant," Linter still, increasingly uncomfortable. "After one postponement after another the peasants all seemed to decide on yesterday."

Von Plauen sensed something strange in Linter's manner. "What matter, so long as it's in?"

Linter moved uneasily. "You will remember, yesterday it rained. A lot of the grain brought in will spoil."

Von Plauen's face flushed. "How much of it?"

"Perhaps seventy per cent." Linter went on rapidly: "What could I do, Herr Commandant? If you will pardon me, and it is not my place to draw conclusions, but I think, if you will pardon me—"

"What are you trying to say?" von Plauen snapped angrily.

"I think—" Linter hesitated, then blurted, "I think that someone told the peasants to wait for this one rainy day."

Von Plauen nodded curtly. "I'll attend to it, Herr Sergeant. Thank you for reporting."

When Linter had gone, von Plauen left his desk and began to pace the room, muttering, "Um Gottes willen, if this is organised resistance, I will break it, and the man responsible. Where is that mayor? Where is Metzger?" He slammed his fist on his desk. "The fine will be fifty thousand francs!"

"Quite right," Lorsch said. "Quite right!"

Von Plauen returned to his desk. Angrily he took a folder and tried to concentrate. "This first winter clothes collection takes place today, nicht wahr?"

Lorsch nodded.

"Read the order to me."

Lorsch read from a folder: "Each housewife shall turn in at least one warm winter garment. To maintain a proper check on these contributions, housewives whose family names begin with A to H shall come to the depot in Town Hall at ten o'clock, those with names I to R at eleven, and those with names S to Z at twelve."

Von Plauen agreed. "Let's see them try to sabotage that!"

Someone knocked at the door. Metzger, the Gestapo officer, entered.

"I have arrested the culprits for the cartoon on the wall, Herr Commandant."

Von Plauen almost exploded. "Who?"

"Two boys—one the son of Ficheul, the high-school teacher, the other Laramet, the son of the tinsmith."

"What made you suspect them?"

"I looked around for grey paint," Metzger explained. "These boys had waggons just painted that color."

"Everything points to an organised campaign of sabotage," von Plauen said.

"We will stamp it out," Metzger said carelessly.

Von Plauen nodded agreement. "Fifty years of German rule will erase French impertinence."

Metzger agreed. "Yes, Herr Commandant!"

At eleven o'clock the telephone rang. Van Plauen answered it. After listening to a few words he replied sharply, "I'll be down at once."

"What's the matter?" Lorsch asked.

"Housewives are rioting in the square."

As they entered the car von Plauen explained. "It concerns the regulation about offering winter clothes."

As the car swung into the cobbled square von Plauen saw a large crowd of women milling around the Town Hall. Three or four civil police and a half dozen soldiers were trying to restore order. Fifty yards from the crowd von Plauen stopped the car and sent the adjutant for information.

He returned quickly. "The women seemingly misunderstood the order. Most of them have turned up at the same hour."

"Misunderstood? Unbelievable!"

"They came according to the letter of their first names."

"How could they be so stupid?" Lorsch asked.

The adjutant continued: "Most of them claim to be named Marie, Mimi, Marianne, Marthe, and Marguerite."

Von Plauen brought a fist down on his knee. "The confusion was intentional. Quiet them, even if you have to use machine-guns." Then to the chauffeur he said brusquely: "Drive back to headquarters."

As soon as he and Lorsch were in the office he took up a telephone. "Get the mayor." The mayor had not yet returned.

Von Plauen looked disappointed. "Tell him to be here by four or I'll send the Gestapo for him!"

Lorsch grunted. "Every meeting with him has been so unsatisfactory."

"We shall see about him to-day," von Plauen said darkly. "Little things, an unending series of little things—that's what these French are doing!" His gloves slapped the desk like a rifle-shot. "The fine will be one hundred thousand francs!"

. . . . . .

At four o'clock von Plauen was waiting in his office with Lorsch. An orderly knocked and entered. "Herr Commandant, M. Buquet, the mayor."

"Search him first," von Plauen said coldly.

After five minutes Buquet entered with little steps. Small and dapper, he was a miniature man with a distinguished white moustache and goatee, and with blue eyes like small pleasant lights. His black coat was shiny, but well brushed. His white shirt was patched, but starched stiffly. He smiled pleasantly and bowed.

"Bon jour, M Commandant! A pleasant welcome you show us Frenchmen."

Von Plauen ignored that. "I have several complaints, M Buquet."

"Yes, M Commandant?" Buquet still smiled.

In a starched voice von Plauen said: "I am convinced that an organised anti-German campaign is going on here."

Buquet stopped smiling. "My people are too well aware of the penalty of such action."

"I want no discussion," von Plauen said curtly. "I am fining your municipality one hundred thousand francs, to be paid in the next forty-eight hours."

"May I ask why you think there is an anti-German campaign here?" the mayor asked.

"Disrespectful cartoons have been scratched on the walls," von Plauen said haughtily.

"Disrespectful to whom?"

Von Plauen drew himself up. "To the Reich and the Reichswehr."

Buquet fingered his goatee and looked thoughtful. "I have heard about that. Surely you don't think that any citizen here would have a reason for ridiculing you?"

"I am not discussing intent." Von Plauen searched the little man's face and saw nothing but keen interest.

Buquet nodded quietly. "But messieurs, do you know what impressed me? The color of the paint! The grey of your army trucks! No one in this town has paint exactly that color except yourselves."

Both Metzger and von Plauen advanced on the mayor. The commandant's face was scarlet. "Are you trying to insinuate disloyalty among my own men?"

"I insinuate nothing," Buquet said blandly.

For a second von Plauen looked uneasy. Then, in a louder voice, he continued, "More serious was the riot of the housewives in the square this morning."

Buquet looked astonished. "I was told about that. Is it disrespect to the Germans because some poor woman got the idea about first names and village gossip did the rest?"

Von Plauen looked ready to explode. "You've heard our complaints. Now, think about paying the fine."

For a moment Buquet was thoughtful. "I have complaints, too. To-day that man"—he nodded towards Metzger—"arrested two fourteen-year-old boys. Do you know that?"

"Captain Metzger and I work hand in hand," von Plauen said frigidly.

"Then what shall I tell the parents of the children?" Buquet asked earnestly. "Ficheul, the chemistry teacher at the high school, a cripple, and Laramet, the tinsmith?"

"Tell them nothing. That is our business."

Buquet heard that and sighed. With a gesture of helplessness, he said, "We are being fined and our children arrested because there may be disloyalty among your soldiers, because peasants are peasants, because of old women's gossip, because blocks and tackle break."

Von Plauen stepped forward again. In a blustering voice he shouted, "I want no impudence. Beware!"

"If you rid yourselves of me, your work will be a hundred times harder."

"We will wipe out the whole town!" von Plauen roared.

"You could do that," Buquet agreed. "You Germans have only one tool, the whip!"

"Silence!"

Buquet even took a step nearer von Plauen. "Force took our Maginot Line, but that was cement and steel. There is another line in France to-day, messieurs, made of people's brains and souls. Force cannot break that line."

Please turn to page 20

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B.O. CAST A SHADOW OVER HER FUN

A HOT, perspiry day . . . a quick change, then a rush to the party. But for all the fun it brought her, Peg might have gone to bed with a book. Don't wait for an embarrassing experience to teach YOU that the harder you work the more you need Lifebuoy. It's the fastidious girl's one certain safeguard against the shadow of "B.O." And because of its health element Lifebuoy is *extra mild* . . . milder than beauty and baby soaps. Try Lifebuoy — you'll be convinced.

W.76.1

Aunt Polly says...

Dad says if you once let a woman hold the reins she's not content till she's in the driver's seat.

* * *

Jack brought me a beautiful embroidered cloth from Cairo. You bet I'll look after this with Rinso, I told him. Those richer, thicker suds are just as good with dainty finery as heavy work-shirts and towels.

* * *

Some folks spend so much time talkin' they haven't any time left to think about what they're sayin'.

* * *

If a man wants to get in the bad books, just let him poke fun at some "bargain" his wife fell for.

* * *

There's no bargain to touch Rinso on washday. The way it eases out dirt and gets silks and coloureds so breezy-bright is as good as a helpin' hand. And give me Rinso to shift grease when I'm washing-up, as well.

Rinso's richer, thicker suds make the whole wash sparkle

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LADY IN HAZARD

Final instalment of our exciting Australian serial

Out of the mist loomed von Graupner, Fielding beside him shouting "Don't shoot!"

By CAROLYN OGDEN

IN one brief moment, Cunningham took in the scene about him with a clarity that was to etch itself forever on his memory. The pouring rain; the wind-bent pines; the deserted homestead; the old garden; the blazing car. The greasy, black smoke swirling overhead. Fielding and von Graupner coming towards him. Halburn almost upon him.

He smashed Halburn down with the starting handle which he was still grasping. Von Graupner was thirty yards away. He meant death. Fielding was shouting hoarsely . . .

A hand grabbed Cunningham's arm. He turned savagely, shaking himself free. It was a man in a sodden blue overcoat. A man with a familiar face. A man who was speaking to him, roaring at him as though he were deaf.

"Cunningham! Cunningham! What on earth's all this?"

He felt ill. The light was very dim. Around him was a haze, with somewhere in its centre an orange burst of flame. The ground swayed beneath his feet like a ship's deck. Through the haze ran men in air-force-blue. One of them was calling, "Look out! Look out, sir! He's got a pistol!"

It was a lie. He had no pistol. If he'd had a pistol, he'd have shot von Graupner and saved all this. Surely, Desmond knew that, if it were really Desmond that held him. Out of the mist loomed von Graupner, Fielding close behind him, shouting, "Don't shoot. Can't you see who they are? Otto . . ."

Screaming like an animal in mortal terror, he flung himself on von Graupner from behind. Borne down by his weight, the German crumpled. They rolled over in the mud. There was a muffled shot. Fielding was climbing to his feet. There was blood on his hands.

"You saw what happened . . ." The fat man was shaking with sobs. "I was trying to stop him. I swear I was . . . You saw——"

"Grab that gun, Edwards," said Desmond sharply.

Von Graupner rolled over on his back. He raised a hand, let it fall again . . .

. . . . . .

Mr. Daskey came downstairs. His normal air of extreme self-satisfaction had been washed out by an expression of profound bewilderment. He stood listening.

Complete silence enveloped Red Shutters. He felt like the man in the old song, who trod alone some banquet hall deserted. Red Shutters was not precisely a banquet hall, but it certainly seemed deserted. Perhaps one of those curious things had happened of which one reads in fantasies, where a man wakes up a hundred years older than when he went to bed, or in some place he has never seen before.

But Mr. Daskey was still in Red Shutters, and, fortunately, he had the evidence of his shaving mirror to prove that he had not aged perceptibly since going to bed.

No one was in the vestibule. He compared his watch with the office clock. They synchronised to within a minute. But this only deepened the mystery.

He peered into the lounge and the dining-room. Both empty. Nor, what was more disquieting, was there sign of breakfast, past or to come. Mr. Daskey frowned. This would never do.

Footsteps in the lounge. He hurried out. It was Mrs. Shasters, in a dripping raincoat, a man's old felt hat clapped on her bedraggled grey-blonde hair. At the sound of his aggrieved voice she started violently, and looked at him as though he had just bounded up through the floor like a pantomime demon.

"Mrs. Shasters!" In anything involving his own comfort Daskey was a determined man. Hungry and annoyed, he was in no mood for parley. "Mrs. Shasters, I think I can claim to be easy-going, but, really, there are some things I cannot tolerate. I must tell you that unless some explanation is forthcoming——"

He paused. Mrs. Shasters stared blankly. He had the uneasy feeling that the woman had gone insane.

"There is something wrong with the heating. My room is positively like a morgue. And the hot water. My bath was scarcely tepid. Really, on a morning like this, it is scarcely good enough. I realise that the present circumstances are exceptional . . ."

His voice trailed off. Really, her attitude was positively disconcerting.

"Where is Mr. Fielding?" he faltered.

"Mr. Fielding's out," said Mrs. Shasters in a strained, far-away voice. "I'm sorry. He was called away. It was urgent."

"That may be," declared Mr. Daskey, looking pointedly at his watch. "But I can see no reason why there should be no dressing-bell, no hot water, no breakfast-bell, and no breakfast. And it is now after ten, Mrs. Shasters, and so far as I can see——"

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Shasters automatically. "I must have forgotten you, Mr. Daskey. The weather's so bad. I took trays to the others. All but Miss Falway. She was still asleep. Yes, I must have forgotten you."

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Daskey. It was the final blow. "You forgot me. Forgot me. Forgot me!"

She wasn't listening. Without another word, she hurried out of the vestibule towards the front entrance. The outraged Daskey followed, still protesting, pursuing her out on the wind-swept front verandah. A small yellow coupe was grinding up the rise in low gear.

Daskey waited, frozen to the marrow. The car turned in through the gates and pulled up before the house, tyres crunching on wet gravel. Squadron-Leader Desmond was driving. With him were Sheila Heydon and another girl. In the rumble seat crouched an unkempt figure half buried in coats. As the car stopped, the figure rose, climbed unsteadily out, and became Kenneth Cunningham.

"Good lord!" muttered Mr. Daskey.

Mrs. Shasters uttered a low cry, and ran past him inside.

Daskey saw that Desmond and Cunningham were helping the girls out. Sheila was all right, but the other girl had to be lifted carefully, set on her feet, piloted slowly towards the steps. Mr. Daskey, disregarding the rain and his lack of hat, went down to meet them.

"Good morning," he said brightly. "Has there been an accident? Can I be of any assistance?"

Cunningham, unshaven, pale, and haggard, made no reply. Sheila Heydon scarcely seemed to notice him. He addressed himself to Desmond.

"Oh, I say, Squadron-Leader, what has happened?"

The airman waved a gloved hand. "Oh, for heaven's sake," he said, impatiently. His voice had a crack in it like a lash of a whip. "Get Mrs. Fielding! Get that Shasters woman! Don't stand there staring!"

They passed inside as though blown by the wind. Daskey followed on the tail of the procession, reaching the vestibule in time to see Mademoiselle Moreau enter, stop, throw up her be-ringed hands in consternation, and then run to Sheila. She, Cunningham, and the two girls disappeared along the corridor.

Mrs. Shasters was standing by the office door. She looked, thought Daskey vaguely, as though she had been struck by lightning. The squadron-leader caught her by the arm.

"The key," he said harshly. "The office key. I want to use the telephone."

"You can't . . . Mr. Fielding said . . ."

"The key! Give it to me! Mr. Fielding has no say here now! I think you understand. I am telephoning for the police."

Mrs. Shasters' hand went to her throat. "The police——"

"Give me the key!"

"Mr. Fielding has it."

"Very well, then."

To Daskey's horror, the airman pulled a huge automatic pistol from his pocket. With the butt, he shattered the glass panel of the door. He thrust a hand through and turned the patent lock. Mrs. Shasters screamed and fled.

Daskey gasped, and fumbled for his pipe. For the first time in his life he was about to smoke on an empty stomach.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Carew-Poole sat up in bed writing a letter to her husband. The upper half of her ample form was wrapped in a pale blue bed-jacket. The remnants of a hearty breakfast were on the table beside her. She was now supplementing it by dipping into a box of chocolates. Her pen scratched thoughtfully over the pad.

"My darling Hubert.

"I am sorry that I have not had time to drop you a line before this, but really I haven't had a moment to myself. If Snookums gets the snuffles again, don't forget to call in the vet. at once, will you? By the way, how is your own cold? Don't expect a long letter, because there is really nothing to tell you.

"It is really extraordinary to think that in the very middle, as it were, of this dreadful war, there could be a place so cut off from it all. I really believe that no one here realises——"

Mrs. Carew-Poole paused. Her train of thought had been broken. Hurrying feet tramped down the corridor outside. There were loud voices and the sound of knocking. The knocking ceased. A loud crash was followed by a penetrating scream.

Too much. It was too much. Mrs. Carew-Poole clambered out of bed, put on dressing-gown and slippers, sallied out to investigate.

Surprise was in store. Near the end of the long passageway stood that young man Cunningham with three uniformed policemen. But uniforms did not overawe Mrs. Carew-Poole.

Majestic as a ship in full sail, she swept down on the group, just as Mrs. Fielding came from an open door, handkerchief to eyes.

"What is going on here?" asked Mrs. Carew-Poole. A police-sergeant answered her. "Who are you, madam? A relative of Miss Falway?"

"Why, no. Certainly not."

"In that case, will you please go back to your room?"

Before Mrs. Carew-Poole could gather her forces to deal with this example of official impertinence a man came from the room. In one hand he carried a letter, in the other a small bottle of white tablets.

"You'd better take charge of these, sergeant. Goodness knows how many she took."

Mrs. Carew-Poole gathered the drift. She was no fool. Moreover, she was more used to dealing with physicians than policemen.

"Is there anything I can do, doctor?" she surprised herself by saying.

"I'm afraid not. The poor child is dead."

"But where is her uncle? Where is Mr. Falway?"

"He will be told," said the sergeant, evasively.

"Then there is this letter," said the doctor. "It's addressed to Squadron-Leader Desmond. Where is he?"

"He had to go back to his plane," said Cunningham. "But he'll be here again soon. Someone will have to tell him."

"Arrange it between you. I must go back to my other patients."

He gave the letter to the sergeant. The sergeant handed it to Cunningham. Cunningham eyed it thoughtfully. He turned to Mrs. Carew-Poole . . .

She was waiting for Desmond when he came back.

"I'd like to speak to you for a moment."

The airman's face was set and troubled. He stared uncomprehendingly at the incongruously clad figure in the scarlet dressing-gown.

"Mrs. Poole, isn't it? What can I do for you?"

"If you would come with me for a moment . . ."

"I must see Miss Falway. Is she . . ."

"If you would come with me for a moment . . ."

Wondering, he followed her into the lounge, and at her request closed the door.

"Sit down, Squadron-Leader."

"But, really, Mrs. Poole . . ."

"I think it would be better. Besides, you look very cold. Mr. Daskey lit the fire especially for you."

"Mr. Daskey?"

"Yes. A very obliging man when you know him. Is your plane all right?"

"Quite."

"I'm pleased. You see, my son was an airman, and I know an airman's first duty is to his plane." Her voice shook a little. "He—he was killed over Heligoland in November, '39. He would have been your age."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Poole. I had no idea."

"Of course not. One doesn't mention these things unless . . . One just tries to remember—and to forget. I think he was a brave young man, Squadron-Leader."

"I'm sure he was," said Desmond.

"I wonder if you have a cigarette? Ah, thanks so much. You were asking for Miss Falway."

"I must see her," replied the airman uneasily. "She wasn't about when I was here a while back, and I thought . . ."

"Mr. Cunningham has given me an idea of all that has happened. I know you are a brave man, too, Squadron-Leader Desmond."

"Really, Mrs. Poole."

"You will not be seeing her again," she said quietly. "She left this for you."

At the door she turned. He was slowly tearing open the envelope.

Poor lad, she thought . . .

Please turn to page 14

KEEPS HER FIT

A clear skin and bright sparkling eyes are signs of radiant health. You, too, can keep healthy—free from constipation—by taking one or two NYAL FIGSEN Tablets to-night at bedtime. In the morning FIGSEN acts—gently yet thoroughly—*an ideal laxative for every member of the family.* Sold by chemists everywhere.

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"Bill"

Bill came from a country town . . . a quiet little place, with houses straggling down the main street, a couple of stores, a pub with an overhanging verandah and the School of Arts, where Bill saw a picture show every Saturday night. He grew up from a freckle-faced youngster into a young man with ready laughter and muscles that had grown firm from ploughing the hard brown earth in the paddocks and the reaping of wheat that ripened in the yellow sunshine.

Bill had no thoughts of being a soldier. Truth to tell, he had never hated anyone sufficiently to want to fight them. The Boy Scouts was as far as he ever got to a martial uniform, armed with nothing more murderous than a clasp-knife. He had no great ambitions. His world was bounded by his home, his family, his work and, of course, his girl . . . and he dreamed his dreams.

When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour, engulfed Indo China, Malaya, Singapore and Java, desperate warfare flowed in a red tide to the very shores of Australia. The safety of Australian homes was threatened, the future of Australian people — their very lives were at stake. Bill's girl took his place at the plough and Bill joined the Army.

In New Guinea, it took some time for Bill to realise that there was death hiding in the emerald-green jungle. The enemy moved as quietly as a ghost in a deadly nightmare. Death came silently with a knife from behind, from snipers concealed in the fringed heads of coconut palms and with a dreadful staccato from tommy guns as they sprayed the narrow tangled jungle paths. He waded knee-deep in mud, plagued by mosquitoes; he grabbed field ration meals as he could and when he lay down to sleep his nerves tensed against attack. From bitter experience he learned to camouflage his face and his body for invisibility against the jungle; he learned to stand so silently that to him the thump of his heart was as loud as a drum. His stubble of a beard grew longer and the cheekbones of his young face sharpened.

When Bill's bunch broke through the edge of the steamy jungle they were guided by a shimmer of blue that was the sea. Down the beach they charged to the rat-a-tat-tat of machine guns, their bayonets flashing in the sunshine. The beach was soft and white and clean.

Hatred flamed in Bill's heart against these little yellow men who sought to destroy his world. His tired legs carried him on and his tired mind knew only that they must drive the Japs into the sea . . . that they must be crushed and exterminated with as little mercy as he would show a snake at home. Then he faltered, staggered a few steps and fell, crumpled like a tired little boy, and the small soft waves caressed the fingers that slipped from his gun . . .

* * *

But the spirit of Bill lives on in the thousands of fine, strong young Australians, fighting our battles on land and sea and in the air . . . fighting for that intangible and very precious ingredient of living—Freedom! It is this fighting spirit which must also live in the hearts of civilians on the home front, an indomitable glorious spirit that will urge them to work and sacrifice without stint and without complaint for the sake of men like Bill and the Australia of the future.

* * *

The makers of PROTEX soap dedicate this tribute in all pride and sincerity to the Fighting Men of all Services.

Protex is a safe antiseptic soap which guards against infection. Make every cake of Protex you use at home last as long as possible and send what you can in comforts parcels for the boys.

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Serving in New Guinea now...

NOW IN NEW GUINEA. Ptes. Ella Hinks, Winifred Baker, Joan Hall, Phyllis Young, Jo Harrison, and Joan Bevan, of the Australian Army Medical Women's Service.

SEWING RED CROSSES on their tropical kit. Back Row: Cpl. Susan Lyons and Pte. Gwen Lane. Front Row: Sergeant Sue Other Gee, and Pte. Molly Conway.

OFFICER of the A.A.M.W.S. in tropical kit, carrying all her equipment. The girls have arrived in New Guinea.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT. Private Olive Swasbrick (Vic.), 5ft. 10in., and tiny Private Betty Mace (Vic.), 4ft. 11in., sample their waterbottles.

First A.A.M.W.S. draft for N.G. left in high spirits

By MARGARET DORSET

Girls of the A.A.M.W.S., whose safe arrival in New Guinea has been announced, count themselves the "luckiest girls in the world" to be chosen to go away to look after the boys.

I saw them go off to a term of hard work among all the strain of war with the same high spirits they'd have taken on a summer cruise in other days. This didn't arise from ignorance of the job ahead, but from enthusiasm for it.

MANY of the girls are veterans who saw war at first hand as V.A.'s in the Middle East. They nursed the boys brought in from Alamein, so they know what they're facing—no cruise, no picnic, but very grim duty.

The rest have long experience in military hospitals in Australia.

As I watched them being issued with the tropical kit that will protect them from some of the dangers of the New Guinea climate, I thought how different it all was from the things they might have been packing for a cruise if there'd been no war.

The mosquito-proof clothing they will wear from sun-up to sun-down when off duty is designed to cover them completely. It consists of long-sleeved jacket of cotton drill and long drill trousers which fit round the ankles.

I thought of the abbreviated sun-suits they would have taken.

To make sure that mosquitoes cannot creep through, they will wear boots, clumping Army boots, and gaiters. As a change for wet weather there are gumboots.

I thought of red sandals.

Tom Mix hats, green jungle veils, and mosquito-proof gloves complete the outfit.

Great excitement

ORDINARY daytime wear is a long-sleeved drill overall and a white veil with a Geneva Cross in front.

Luggage consists of a carry-all for heavy equipment, kit-bag, and an attache case for personal belongings for a journey.

Not a sign of cruise atmosphere there.

My momentary twinge of regret for the frivolous past was simply swamped by the youthful excitement around.

Hundreds of members of the A.A.M.W.S. applied to go North, and those drafted were all bubbling over with eagerness for the moment of departure to come.

In the middle of all this another truckload of girls arrived, to be greeted by a wild rush and many shrieks of welcome. Real reunion scenes, these, for some of the girls had not met since they served in the Middle East.

Private Betty Goodwin had seen service in the Middle East.

"It's very exciting," she said, "to think we are going out again and continuing with our work."

"We've been waiting a long time," said Lieut. Mavis Bentley. "The majority of the girls are 1941 enlistments. I was in the second draft enlisted for the Middle East, and we just didn't get there."

PTE. ROBIN MACLURE, from Wagga, N.S.W., tries on special boots the girls will wear in New Guinea.

PTE. IRENE FINLAY has her tropical slacks fitted by tailoress Pte. Win Davidge, of Enfield, N.S.W.

Lieutenant Bentley was second in charge in a country A.G.H. camp, and had only one day with her people before her departure.

Five girls formerly attached to the blood bank in Sydney are included in the team to go North.

They are Privates "Muffie" McLoughlin, a Brisbane girl, whose brother, Peter, is a squadron-leader in the North with the R.A.A.F., Joan Hall, Betty Muir, Jo Harrison, and Phyllis Young.

Hoping circumstances will not part them are seven Western Australians who have been together since 1941, and were in the Middle East. They are Lance-Corporal Laura Evans, Privates Molly Paterson, Laura Rutledge, Jean Robertson, Noel Perry, Marjorie Newby, and Joan Richardson.

The anniversary of their arrival in Egypt coincided with the news of their move to New Guinea. They had arranged a reunion party, but reversed the idea, and turned it into a farewell party for their friends.

Pam Bushell, of Sydney, can be numbered among the veterans.

"I'm proud and pleased to be chosen to go away again," she said. "I've been a private for two years, and I think it's the best rank in the Army. When you are a private everyone else has to do the worrying for you!"

Previous war experience for Private Vivienne Gilbert includes service in the hospital ship Oranje.

Privates Irene Hillsinger and Greta Wardell go after serving with a mobile laundry unit in North Queensland.

In the Queensland unit are Sergeants Dawn Jackson and Nan Edwards, who enlisted the same day in 1941, and who have been together ever since. They were in the first contingent of V.A.'s to leave Australia.

Charmian Boys, of Toowoomba, also going away for the second time, hoped her third trip will be after the war, and coming home.

Queensland country girls going away included Pte. Doris Frances, from Woombye, Pte. Agnes Philips, from Wondai, and Pte. Elsie Cunningham, of Dalby.

The Victorian contingent includes South Australians, Tasmanians, and one Western Australian, who have trained in hospitals in Victoria. Ages range from 23 to 35.

"We are more than happy to be given the chance to do more," said Sgt. Helen Beale (Vic.), and Sgt. Phyllis Daymon, of Hobart, Tasmania. Both served for 16 months near Alamein.

Olive Swasbrick, of Victoria, became engaged the day before she left home to Corporal Jim McLean.

OUR NEW SERIAL

IN our next issue we begin an exciting new serial, "Beam To Brazil," by Richard Sale, one of America's foremost writers of fiction.

Swift-moving, topical, and romantic, it is the story of a live-wire young man sent to establish a radio beam station for guiding Allied reinforcement planes across the Atlantic.

An attractive blonde and opposition from Axis agents pack his assignment with danger and excitement, and keep the reader on tenterhooks throughout the story.

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Editorial

SEPTEMBER 25, 1943

TWO WOMEN GO TO CANBERRA

TWO women will take their seats in Federal Parliament this week for the first time in Commonwealth history.

Dame Enid Lyons goes to Canberra as the member for Darwin (Tasmania) in the House of Representatives. Miss Dorothy Tangney goes as a member of the Senate for W.A.

These two women are both well fitted to pioneer an important new field for their sex.

Dame Enid represents the older generation, who have combined family life with an interest in public affairs.

As wife of a former Prime Minister, she had a unique opportunity to show her ability as a women's leader and public speaker.

As the mother of a family of eleven — and now as a grandmother of four — she has experienced to the full the joys and the trials of the ordinary woman's life.

Miss Dorothy Tangney, a school teacher of 33, represents the younger generation, whose lives have been shadowed by the economic stress of the decades between two wars.

Like so many of the thoughtful women of this period, she has become sharply aware of the way in which broad national and international problems affect everybody's daily life.

Both Dame Enid and Miss Tangney should have something worthwhile to contribute to the councils of legislators in the Federal capital.

Their election is a step forward for the women's movement here. Their achievements will greatly influence the future success of Australian women who seek parliamentary honors.

—THE EDITOR.

RELATIVES OF 8th DIV. A.A.S.C. L. to R., front row, Mesdames J. E. Dillon, B. A. Whitburn, J. B. Lawler, W. A. Graham. Back Row: Mesdames R. G. Lobb, W. Baker, L. J. A. Byrne, M. C. Whereat.

TWO LETTER-CARDS from her two sons, Arch and Colin, for Mrs. A. J. K. Thorburn, were delivered to her by Postwoman Phyllis Isard. Arch is in Singapore, Colin in Korea.

"KEEP SMILING," write boys from Malaya

Many families thrilled by first mail from prisoners

"Letters from our boys"—the words have a special significance in thousands of homes this week.

After more than eighteen months, the relatives of men in the 8th Division who fought so heroically in Malaya have received letter-cards from Japanese prison camps.

Fourteen thousand letter-cards have been distributed, their delivery speeded up by registered air-mail.

THE messages are written in block letters and are limited to only twenty-five words, but they bring new hope to parents, wives, and sweethearts who have waited so patiently for word of their boys.

For some families the letter-card was their first intimation that their particular soldier was still alive. The boys had been listed as missing, but not yet officially listed as prisoners.

In the midst of their joy at hearing from their own menfolk everyone thought of other relatives who were not so lucky.

"We are the lucky ones," they said. "Our joy must be hard to bear for those who have not received any word, but we hope they will soon."

As all the cards were registered, postmen and postgirls walked many extra yards up and down garden paths to deliver the letters personally.

Just after the fall of Singapore Mr. and Mrs. S. Brown, of Bankstown, heard from an ambulance driver who escaped that their son, Pte. Ray Brown, had nearly recovered from fourteen wounds in his head when four Japanese attacked him with knives.

Don't worry

HIS letter-card, their first direct word of him, is addressed to his young wife, and his parents.

"Dear Marion, Mum, and Dad: Safe, and in the best of health. Being treated well. Don't worry."

Last word Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Cahill had had of their son, Capt. Lloyd Cahill, a 19th Battalion medical officer, was that he had recovered from injuries to his feet and legs from long hours of work in the jungle, and was working again in Singapore.

His letter-card says: "Unwounded, healthy, content. Treatment and surroundings, excellent. Don't worry. Hope all well. Thoughts always with you."

Mr. and Mrs. W. Colenso, of Kingsford, received cards from two of their four sons in the 18th Battalion.

They came from the second eldest, Frank, and the second youngest, Eddie, and the family are still hopeful they will hear from the other two, Bill and Ray.

Capt. C. C. Gibbings' (20th Battalion) card arrived in the same week that his mother-in-law, Mrs. A. L. Vincent, heard that one of her sons, Flying-Officer Vincent, was in hospital in England suffering from shock and exposure.

"We think Capt. Gibbings' letter-card must have been written in February of this year," Mrs. Vincent said, "because he mentions that he celebrated his thirtieth birthday last week, and his birthday is in February."

Captain Gibbings has not yet seen his son, James Leslie, who was born a fortnight after his father sailed for Malaya. James, who is now two and a half years old, won the Burwood section of the Red Cross Baby Competition.

"Even if the cards had not been registered, ours would have been brought to the door," said Mrs. N. Baker, of Northbridge.

"Our postman is well trained. He knew about my brother, and has been on the look-out for mail for us for months."

Mrs. Baker's only brother, Dvr. James Sutherland, a field ambulance driver, was posted missing, and they had only unofficial news four months ago that he was a prisoner. His card said he was unhurt, cheerful, and well.

MESSAGE FROM HUSBAND, Capt. Adrian Curlewis, is shared by his wife with her mother-in-law, Mrs. H. Curlewis (Ethel Turner).

Like many of the cards, it was dated June, 1942.

Mrs. Adrian Curlewis was spending the school holidays at Leura with her children when a phone call came from her home in Mosman that there was a letter-card from her husband, Capt. Adrian Curlewis.

She rushed back to town, collected her letter-card, and went straight to the home of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Curlewis (Ethel Turner), to share the good news with her.

A card from Pte. Neville Malley to his mother also brought first news for his uncle, Mr. Lance Noakes, that his son—Neville Malley's cousin—Lloyd Noakes, of 2/10th Field Ambulance, was safe.

The postman came in "all smiles" to a city advertising firm and delivered a letter-card to the switchgirl.

The switchgirl ran the length of the offices to deliver it to Mrs. Ross Webster.

Mrs. Webster knew only a few months ago that her husband, Lieut. E. Ross Webster, of the 18th Battalion, was definitely a prisoner of war.

His card said "Unwounded. Very well. Comfortable. Adequately fed. Don't worry."

Mrs. A. J. K. Thorburn, of Manly, was waiting at her garden gate when friend of the family Postwoman Phyllis Isard, came along with the mail early in the morning.

Mrs. Thorburn received two cards —one from her elder son, Lance-Sgt. Arch Thorburn, of the 30th Battalion, written on July 2, and another from her younger son, Pte. Colin Thorburn, of the 18th Battalion.

Arch's card said: "Never felt better. Well treated, fit, weight 12st. 10lb. (his usual weight). Colin safe and well."

Colin's card said: "Arch and I are prisoners of war."

Until five weeks ago, when they received a card from Colin, dated November 23, 1942, from Keijo Chosan Camp, Korea, they had had no news of their elder son, Arch.

Wishbone for luck

THE card from Korea said: "I am in the best of health. I am interned in Korea. I go out on working parties daily, and receive pay. I wrote to you from Singapore last June. Arch is well, but not with me now."

Mrs. Isard is one of a number of postwomen who have been delivering the prisoners of war mail. Her own husband, Leonard, is in the A.I.F. in a Northern area.

The night before the prisoners-of-war cards arrived Mrs. Bert Mudge, whose husband was still posted missing in Malaya, shared with his sister a chicken for dinner.

They pulled the wishbone for luck.

"I'll bet we both wished the same thing," said Mrs. Mudge.

The wishbone broke evenly at both sides, and the centre part fell to the floor. Both felt it must be a sign that they would not get their wish.

But next morning Mrs. Mudge received a phone call at her office that a card was waiting for her at home. She phoned her sister-in-law, and they both left their offices to rush home and read Pte. Mudge's message.

There was great excitement in another city office when Miss Tess Burns received a phone call from her parents to say a card had arrived from her youngest brother, Pte. Andrew Burns, A.A.S.C. Transport.

They had had no official word of him in the months since Singapore fell. Miss Burns has three other brothers in the A.I.F., and a sister in the A.W.A.S.

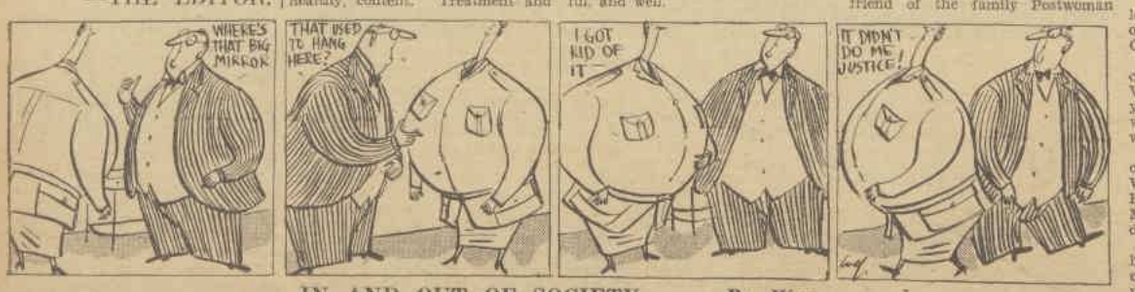
Another card written on June 20 came from Capt. W. J. Harper, A.A.S.C., to his mother, Mrs. A. F. Harper, and family. "I am a prisoner of war," he writes, "and was not wounded. You are all ever in my thoughts and prayers. Keep smiling."

Wives and mothers exchanged letter-cards at a dance given by men of the 8th Division, A.A.S.C. Supply Column.

Mrs. W. A. Graham had received cards both from her husband, W/O.1 W. A. Graham, and her twenty-year-old son, Bill, both of whom were with the section of the unit which went to Malaya.

Mrs. B. A. Whitburn received a card from her son, Sgt. Bernard Whitburn, who will be 21 next week. Her other son, Lewis, was killed in Malaya just before his 21st birthday.

Sgt. R. G. Lobb's letter-card to his wife and three little girls was a complete surprise, as they had had no word of him at all since the fall of Singapore.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

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JOHN WALKER, who, with John Dease, is heard in "What's in a Name?" from 2GB every Monday and Wednesday, at 8.45 p.m.

They tell what's in a name

Since the introduction of the radio feature, "What's in a Name," a year ago on 2GB, thousands of people all over Australia have sent in their names to have the origin and history traced.

OWING to this interest the feature will be continued for at least another year.

A copy of the history is sent to every person whose name is broadcast.

This programme, which is on the air every Monday and Wednesday at 8.45 p.m., is presented by John Dease, assisted by John Walker.

Each name dealt with entails an enormous amount of research, and in many cases it takes months to trace back to the origin.

Listeners hear many interesting facts in this entertaining session.

For instance, it is still the practice in certain places to name a child after the saint whose feast day is celebrated on the day the baby is born.

There is the story of a man who was born not on a saint's day, but on the day his father had £1 on a winner that came home at 200 to 1.

When they took him to be christened, the old clergyman, who hailed from the North of Ireland, was told by the elated, enthusiastic father that the child was to be called "Zoroaster," after the winning horse.

The parson refused, and the child was christened "Luke," for which he was, no doubt, thankful when he grew to manhood.

Among the unusual names traced for this session is that of Dudman, which is an occupational name.

The Dudman was the man who sold coarse common cloth garments, generally second-hand or patched.

The name has been varied sometimes to Deadman, although Deadman has another derivation as well.

The Hollands take their name not from the land of Holland, but from a district of that name in Lincolnshire.

One of the customs of our ancestors was to name people from certain days, and even from certain seasons.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, September 22: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, September 23 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."
FRIDAY, September 24: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.
SATURDAY, September 25: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competition, "Melody Foursome."
SUNDAY, September 26 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents, "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, September 27: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, September 28: Musical Alphabet.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are trying to clear
PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, and Teller Smith, both accused of theft. Real thief is Grando, ex-assistant to Mandrake, who hypnotises his victims.
He captures Narda and Smith, but on arrival of Mandrake and police escapes, first knocking out Smith.
Chief of police finds jewels, and is convinced that Narda and Smith have fought over the loot. He also tells Mandrake he doubts if there is a Grando.
A clerk from the jewellery store identifies Teller Smith as the thief. NOW READ ON.

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THEY TRAIN AUSTRALIA'S AIR FORCE A

Instructors are men of iron nerve, unflagging zest and patience

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

I have just spent several days at an R.A.A.F. station with some of the unsung heroes of this war—instructors of hundreds of young men who are winning glory in battle skies round the world.

Though they are thousands of miles from the enemy, they risk their necks every hour every day while their pupils give lively demonstrations of how not to fly.

THIS is one of the biggest elementary flying schools in Australia, where trainees handle a plane for the first time in their lives.

There is not one flying instructor who would not rather be in operational areas, fighting Japs or Germans.

But they recognise that they have an important job to do. "The air war is Australian training against Axis training," as one senior officer put it.

The instructor must be flying-perfect, a continual example to his pupils, but he must have the patience and concrete nerves to allow his pupils to make mistakes.

He must never get bored with giving the same lessons over and over again.

He must have that indefinable quality that inspires trainees with the confidence, determination, and courage to become good pilots.

He must have the maturity of judgment to decide whether a pupil is suitable to continue his training.

All this, they admit, makes their job worth while, but they'd still like to be fighting.

Many of them will do so after they have completed two years or more as instructors. But among them are some whose age by the end of the two years will make them ineligible for operational flying.

At this school several hundred pilots are trained annually. Each instructor, who trains up to six pupils per course, knows that his war effort is between 30 and 36 new R.A.A.F. pilots a year.

Many of the instructors have built up as much as 4000 flying hours. A number of them are "grandfathers," some even "great-grandfathers," which means that pupils they have trained have become instructors and they, in their turn, have trained other instructors.

Each course lasts eight weeks — the first four, junior course; the second, senior. Eighty-five per cent. of the time is spent in the air, the other fifteen per cent. in lectures on the ground.

Every four weeks, as half of his pupils pass out from the senior course on to a service training station, three new trainees move in to the junior course—three tense, excited strangers to whom the instructor must give his unflagging enthusiasm, patience, and understanding.

There are no days in the week for instructors or pupils, only so many hours' flying time which they must get in to the week. Sunday is a day off only if the weather has not stolen flying time earlier in the week.

Early every morning the little bright orange Tiger Moths are lined up on the tarmac, instructors and pupils climb in, and soon the misty morning sky is filled with aircraft moving off to satellite aerodromes.

IN THEIR LOCKER ROOM after the day's flying instructors swap stories about the doings of the boys they're training.

"Black crow act"

EACH flight has its own "satellite" a few miles away across the paddocks, where for the first half of the flying day junior trainees have flying instruction, and senior pupils come out by tender to do solo flying for the rest of the day.

When junior pupils come in for solo landings their instructors sit in an anxious row on the fence—"the black crow act," as they call it.

"Hold her off," "Back, back, back," "You beaut," can be heard floating across the green paddocks.

The F/Ls follow with interest the careers of their pupils, many of whom correspond with them after they have gone to operational areas overseas or in Australia.

They are proud when their former pupils win decorations, but prouder still when a pupil who was nearly "scrubbed" but was given another chance and extra training makes good.

BARBECUE LUNCH at a satellite aerodrome. F/O. Tom Peters serves steak and sausages to fellow-instructors Sgt. D. G. Forster, F/O. Tom Meiklejohn, Sgt. Bill Schadel, P/O. Jim Fawcett, and Flt.-Sgt. Fred Thomas. —Pictures by Bill Brindle.

Covered up to their eyes and mouths in their flying gear, the instructors look as uniform as most men in uniform—some tall, some short, some thin, some fat—otherwise indistinguishable.

But in their locker-rooms, on the fence, in the mess, they emerge as individuals of all ages from various walks of life.

C.-O. of the station is a slim, lanky Englishman. Wing-Commander H. K. Harding joined the British Army in the last war at the age of 16. He joined the R.A.A.F. some years before the war, likes his job, and his men like him.

He is married to an Australian. Their son, Paul, aged eleven, has been flying since he was three years old.

Chief Flying-Instructor is a small man with a big personality—Squadron-Leader Lionel Brain, who learned to fly with his brother, Lester, at Eagle Farm, Queensland, in 1927.

He flew the "fish mail" from Normanton to Mt. Isa, loading live fish into a canvas bag in the front cockpit, so that the fish were still "kicking" when they arrived at their destination.

In 1930 he took the first land plane to the Batavia River gold rush, landing it in the main street and pulling down the telephone wires.

He tried the "fish mail" in W.A., then deserted the fish for gold again, joining in the Dawson River gold rush.

After that he met his pretty wife, Nora, and opened a motor business at Cloncurry. He and Nora were touring England when war was declared. He tried unsuccessfully to join the R.A.F., then returned to Australia to join the R.A.A.F.

There is no fishing to be had near the station, so S/L. Brain keeps up his interest in piscatorial matters by organising yabbying parties to neighboring waterholes.

S/L. Brain is one of several Australians who recently received commendations for good service as flying instructors.

Flt.-Lieut. W. H. Woolcock, sixteen stone, was formerly a miner.

Jovial Flt.-Lieut. Tom Payten, whose torn, stained, veteran flying suit is the best fitting one on the station, is fourteen stone, gained invaluable flying experience before the war with his own plane, is well known in the racing world, and was a publican at Tamworth when he joined the Air Force.

He has been instructor in 34 training courses, is a "great-grandfather" among instructors, and one of the best raconteurs in the mess.

Blond F/O. Tom Meiklejohn has been in the R.A.A.F. a little over a year. He is only 23 and will celebrate his first wedding anniversary soon. He was a primary school teacher in Queensland before enlisting.

Solidly built Flt.-Lieut. M. D. Hart used to be a policeman at headquarters in Sydney. He has done eight years' civil flying with an A licence.

Flt.-Lieut. W. D. Ephgrave, formerly a Sydney engineer, has been in the Air Force for more than seven years. He started as a fitter, became an air-gunner, and at the beginning of the war was engaged on sea patrols till he trained as an instructor.

As Flight-Commander he has put through twenty-seven courses and seen hundreds of young trainees move on for service training.

P/O. Frank Weigall, a young Englishman who came to Australia some years ago, is married to Betti Brown, formerly of the Russian and Viennese Ballets and now with the Bodenweiser Ballet.

F/O. H. B. Deland has difficulty in stowing his over six-feet length in the cockpit. Formerly a bank clerk in S.A., he has been stationed at eleven different R.A.A.F. stations

ECHELON FORMATION of Tiger Moths controls give their pupils

"BLACK CROW ACT." Instructors sit on the fence to watch their pupils land. The instructor, on the ground, flies every inch of the way with his pupil.

"YOU BEAUT!" shouts P/O. Jim Fawcett as his pupil makes a good approach to land.

"GET THAT WING UP," roars Sgt. Doug. Forster to another pupil.

FLT.-LIEUT. B as a pupil

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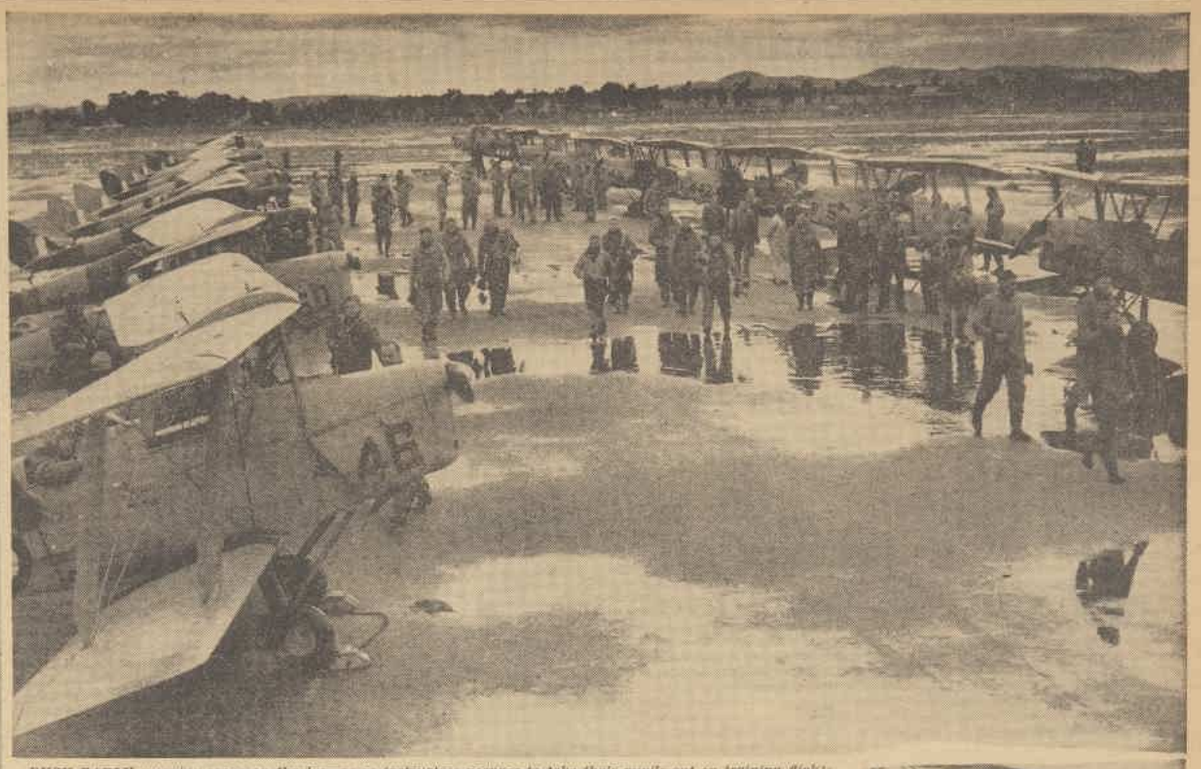
ES . . .

Flying instructors at the ... in formation flying.



BUSY EARLY morning scene on the tarmac as instructors prepare to take their pupils out on training flights.

One of the most retiring of the younger instructors is P/O. Jack Hacking, who was recently specially commended for trying to rescue another instructor from a burning plane.

Handsome P/O. Jim Fawcett, well-known Brisbane cricketer, was a tobacco company traveller, and did three years in the Militia before joining the R.A.A.F.

Flt.-Sgt. Keith Bray was a clerk, has been in the Air Force two years, and Flt.-Sgt. Ted Brookes was on the land.

Good-looking Flt.-Sgt. Tom Wood was a plumber, and slight, blond Flt.-Sgt Fred Thomas a clerk in an insurance company.

Fatherly quality

SGT. DOUG. FORSTER ran a mixed business in Brisbane, and filled in the time till his call-up for the Air Force driving a truck on road work in the far west of Queensland. Sgt. Bill Schadel was a real estate salesman in Sydney.

Another "great-grandparent" is Flt.-Lieut. H. W. Bell, a former milk bar proprietor.

Other professions represented among the instructors are grazier, dancing instructor, jockey, bank officer.

Despite their varied experiences and varied ages, the flying instructors seem to share one quality in common, though they will probably shout with laughter when they read this.

It is a quality of fatherliness, even among the very young—a quality developed during hundreds of hours in the air with jittery, temperamental, cocksure, and sometimes even tearful pupils.

The C.O., the Chief Flying-Instructor, and Corporal J. Jack were all camera-shy.

Corporal J. Jack—"Jerky Jack"—is the station mascot, a shaggy little dog related to the silky terrier family.

He takes the salute at all parades, and has his own Air Force coat with stripes and his name on it.

There seemed to be some difference of opinion about Jerky's rank. Some said he is still a corporal; others that since straying into the officers' mess he had been promoted. However, it is admitted that his promotion has not yet been gazetted.

In their comfortable mess round the huge log fire the instructors tell many hair-raising stories with philosophic detachment.

There is the story of the temperamental "pupe" who, while flying a wobbly course over some hills, shouted over the inter-comm. to his instructor: "If this damned aircraft won't fly straight and level I'm going to dive it into the ground."

The instructor gently took over the controls.

Another of a nervous "pupe," strapped into the cockpit for the first time in his life: The instructor asked over the inter-comm. "Can you hear me?" and the "pupe" replied shakily, "No, I'm sorry I can't, sir!"

They still tell a story that is nearly two years old of the instructor who had been giving the "patter" for some time while he put the plane through various performances in the air.

For some time no comment came from the back seat. The instructor turned round to find the "pupe" gently sleeping.

Aerobatics trip

THEY thought it would be a good idea to take me up on aerobatics, so that I could learn what the pupil goes through and how the instructor teaches the pupil to handle a plane.

Flt.-Lieut. Laurie Littler, staff flying instructor, began the "patter" immediately.

We did some low flying, the preliminaries of a forced landing, steep turns, a loop, a roll off the top and, last and most terrible, a spin.

Before each manoeuvre the calm voice from the front cockpit explained to me just what the plane would do.

Casual voice

"THERE'S nothing to worry about. Just have a look around while I do this," he said each time.

"Having a look around" was a question of watching the earth disappear, reappear overhead, or lurch past one's shoulder.

In these brief moments of horror—alone in infinity—the calm, casual voice came back like a combination of the voice of God and a sympathetic dentist.

Flt.-Lieut. Littler told me how to handle the controls, then, waving his hands above his head with what appeared to me suicidal recklessness, suggested I take over.

I did, and in spite of my terror I could not help giggling at what we must look like from the ground. The wings see-sawed, and the tail and nose rocked like a cradle.

"Bring the nose down, lower your right wing tip," said the untroubled voice in front. Then the tail came up, the right wing went so low that the left wing came up.

After a bit more of this attempt at flying "straight and level" I asked the Voice to take over.

Having lived through this mind-destroying but exhilarating experience I can understand why pupils yell "Yippee," "Whoopee," and sing at the top of their lungs on their first solo flight.

But I can't understand how instructors are yet normal human brings who look fit and well and still laugh.

STAFF FLYING INSTRUCTOR Flt.-Lieut. Laurie Littler explains the take-off to our special writer, Adele Shelton Smith, to whom he gave a demonstration of how the pupil first learns to handle a plane.

... W. BELL registers anguish ... up from a bumpy landing.

"COME IN AGAIN FOR ANOTHER TRY," his arms say.

"KEEP YOUR NOSE UP, MIND THAT WING," he gestures, as pupil tries another landing.

GRILLED STEAK and sausages for Flt.-Sgt. Tom Wood after a hard morning's work.

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Lady In Hazard

Continued from page 7

THE storm had passed. A watery sun struggled through thinning clouds, gilding the yellow walls of Red Shutters. It shone into Mlle Moreau's room, and lit her eager, sallow face.

"But, I assure you, M'sieu, I am of an experience the mos' complete. In ze las' war . . ."

"I don't doubt it, Miss Moreau," said the doctor. "It is very good of you to offer. But I understand that you are something of an invalid yourself, and——"

Mademoiselle drew herself up.

"But sat is absurd, m'sieu," she declared emphatically. "Sometime a leetle of ze 'ay fevaire, nozzing more. A sneeze, and 'e is feeneesh!"

"Oh, well, in that case . . ." The doctor spoke with relief. "It is really very fortunate that you should be here. The other ladies are very anxious to help, but none of them has had any nursing experience at all."

Mademoiselle's gesture effectively disposed of the other ladies.

"And, of course, the poor girl's sister is exhausted. I would put them both in hospital for a few days if there were a hospital handy and proper transport available. But rest is really all they need. If you should want me, telephone."

"Ze nombaire, if you please?"

"Just ask the Benton Exchange for Doctor James."

"But certainly."

Left to herself, Mlle Moreau changed into her plainest frock and removed her necklaces and rings. Through the window she could see a man attentively examining the enormous woodpile below. He took off coat and waistcoat, collar and tie. He picked up the axe and thumbed the edge. Chips flew. It was Mr. Daskey.

. . . . . .

All day the telephone had been ringing in Red Shutters. Cars roared up the hill, whirred out of the drive. Hall and vestibule were grimed with the mud of heavy boots.

Now, towards sunset, the tramping and the voices had ceased. The police sergeant from Benton sat in the office, smoking furiously, writing copiously.

No voices had been raised near Room 15. Mlle Moreau had seen to that. Through the hours she sat at the door, her face a grim warning.

Sheila wandered uneasily along the dim frontiers of sleep. A voice was calling to her, bidding her wake, telling her that there was a war on. It was Mrs. Shasters. Her cry was taken up by other voices, high-pitched and low, shrill and mellow, until they rang through her dreams like the pealing of bells.

Abruptly the bells ceased. She was awake.

Sheila sat up. The room was growing dark. Afterglow from the sunset filled the window. The wind had ceased.

There was someone in the other bed. Margaret, of course.

A subtle perfume hung in the air. Parfum violette d'isabey. Margaret's perfume. It came from her suitcase lying open on the floor. Margaret had always used it, even in the old days at home, so that its fragrance had clung to everything she wore.

Violette d'isabey. Something fell into place in Sheila's mind. So that was it! Her first night in Red Shutters, the first time she had come into that room, the moment when, turning swiftly, she had thought to find her sister standing beside her. It had been the perfume!

Margaret had hung her clothes in the wardrobe, and when the door had been opened the faint aroma had been wafted into the room, to die instantly, as evanescent as the breath of a flower.

She looked over at Margaret. Relaxed in heavy sleep, she looked very different to the terrified wreck of a girl Sheila had gathered into her arms that morning. This was her sister, her Margaret, the Margaret whom she had come so far to see; the Margaret who had driven up to Red Shutters on that fateful Friday evening not quite a week before.

. . . . . .

The little car turned through the gates and down the dark driveway. Light of masked headlights gave a vague idea of a black building set among black pines. At a little distance a yellow glimmer moved slowly through the gloom.

Margaret stopped the car, clambered out. She was stiff with long driving and cold. She felt her dress catch on the handle of the door. As she pulled it away, something tinkled on the gravel. A button, she thought, in annoyance. Too dark to find it now. I'll get it in the morning. Mustn't lose one of those.

The yellow glimmer was a lantern. She walked towards it, hailed the man who carried it. He answered in the quavering tone of age. He held the lantern up so that he could see her face, and by that action signed his death-warrant.

"Yes, miss, this is Red Shutters, all right. But you don't go in this way. The entrance is round the front. Back where you left your car, and then a bit to your right. Shall I bring the light, miss?"

He needn't bother, she told him. He wandered off into the darkness again. The glow of his lantern diminished, became a pin-point on the gloom, vanished . . .

"Miss Heydon?" The grey-blonde woman in the office greeted her with a mechanical smile. "Oh, yes, we got your letter. And your sister's coming by train from Melbourne tomorrow? Good. We'll put you both in No. 15. I'll get Mr. Fielding to carry your case in and put your car in the garage. I'm afraid you'll find us terribly understaffed, but, as I always say, there's a war on."

She was in No. 15. She hung some of her things in the wardrobe, put on dressing-gown and slippers, went in search of a bath.

The house was very quiet. So far she had not seen a soul except the fat proprietor and the clerk, or whatever she was. She relaxed into the hot water. That was better. She needed warmth and rest, a long, quiet night. To-morrow Sheila would be here . . .

Left corridor or right? She couldn't remember. Left, she thought . . . Yes, left, undoubtedly. This was her room. The one at the end. The corridors were very dim. She opened the door . . .

Margaret knew him at once. His name sprang to her lips. Von Graupner leaped at her like a tiger, dragged her in, slammed the door. There were two others with him—Fielding and a thin, grey man.

Confusion of angry voices. Above them rang von Graupner's harsh: "You fools, why didn't you lock the door?"

She screamed. The German clapped his other great hand across her face. She heard the grey man cry out, "Otto, you'll kill her!" and von Graupner's snarl, "What else can we do now?"

Darkness engulfed her like a rising flood . . .

"My name's Shasters," said the little man. "And if you're sensible you'll get out of all this. If you're not—well, that's another matter. Now just you remember that I'm the boss here and be civil."

The place was like a cave. Everything was hazy and dark. The boards sounded hollow beneath her feet. She could not remember coming here. She felt a sore spot on her arm, and saw the prick of a hypodermic needle. They must have given her morphia.

Shasters cooked things on an oil-stove.

"No one wanted to hurt you. No one does even now. It's all a bit of bad luck, you spotting the German there and all. But you can see how it is for them. They might have killed you, seeing him. You got to think of that, you know."

He told her it was Sunday. Then Sheila must be at Red Shutters.

"You're miles away," said the little man. "No one ever comes here. You needn't think they do. Now you're a smart sort of a girl, Miss Heydon, and you might as well know just how things are. Your sister's turned up, asking for you. She's likely to make a nuisance of herself if she's not shut up, that's the kind she is. So just to shut her up for the time being we got a [illegible] lady to send a telegram in [illegible] name.

"[illegible] much in it. Just that [illegible] with a friend for a while. [illegible] stop her worrying [illegible] out, see?"

Interminable hours in the cavernous gloom. Shasters must be putting something in the food, for she was drowsy all the time, almost too lethargic to drag herself to the boarded-up window and look out through the crack that was her only look-out on the world. She saw pine trees, the back of a house, a distant road.

Shasters came and went. Things were not going well, that was obvious.

"That sister of yours, she's making too much fuss. If she doesn't stop worrying about you she'll have to be dealt with. There's only one way for you to stop that happening. You just write her a letter. Tell her you cleared out with a man, and then had a row with him. Tell her you're going to drown yourself."

He gave her pen and ink and paper. He told her not to play tricks with her handwriting. They had her letter from Sydney asking for accommodation.

"She doesn't know we got that," he said. "They told her you telephoned. And there's this."

He handed her the letter Sheila had written in Red Shutters, and which Mrs. Shasters had declared she had given to a caller to post.

"That'll show you she's there."

She could hold out no longer. All through the night of storm she sat in the darkness, listening to the howl of the wind and the crash of the beating rain. As dawn broke, she called to Shasters in a whimper.

"I'll write it."

He was not there. She felt her way to the crack in the shutter. She saw smoke rising from one of the chimneys of the house, and Shasters hurrying across towards it.

. . . . . .

Cunningham sat before the fire in the music-room, cigarette smoke curling upward. Sleep, bath, and razor had refreshed him, but his face still bore grey traces of strain. Thoughtfully he studied the photograph in his hand. Lorice Falway! Was it only last night that this room rang with her voice, that voice which, even to his untutored sailor's ear, glowed with the promise of the future? Poor little songbird . . .

A HAND touched his shoulder lightly.

"Sheila!"

"Hullo," she said.

"Have a good sleep?"

"Nightmarish. But better than none."

"And Margaret?"

"Still dead to the world. The doctor gave her something, and Mademoiselle's on guard. What's happened while I was asleep?"

"Everything, I should say. The men from Desmond's plane mounted guard up at that old house until the police got there and took over. They carried Fielding and the others off. Mrs. Fielding and the Shasters woman, too. It was a clean sweep."

"I can't quite understand how Squadron - Leader Desmond got there."

Cunningham laughed.

"Neither could I, at the time, and I'm still thanking our lucky stars. Talk about luck—and coincidence! He was bringing back a big bomber from Melbourne. They got caught in the storm, and ran short of fuel. He remembered there was a good landing-ground a mile behind that house, and brought her down there. He left a couple of men at the plane, and came over with the others to rustle up a telephone and breakfast — not knowing the place was empty, of course. Just as they got near, Falway's car went up in flames. That brought them on the run."

"Where is he now?"

"Gone. An Air Force tender brought fuel and he took the plane off. We others have to wait until the police give us the word."

She took the photograph. "Where did you get this?"

"Falway's room. Just an unconsidered trifle from all this wreckage. I thought Desmond might like it."

"Poor kid. How do you think she got mixed up in all this?"

"Simple enough. Falway cracked up when he heard what she'd done, and spilled a lot of beans. He was half Italian, it seems, and met Mussolini when he was abroad, years ago. His mother was a singer — that's where Lorice got her voice, I suppose. Well, he became a Fascist, and started a bit of a group here in Australia. He probably bought most of his converts, I think, such as Fielding and Shasters. Halburn's different, he poses as an Austrian refugee, but it appears he isn't. Von Graupner brought letters of introduction to Falway when he came to Australia, and they became friends. They were in touch all the time von Graupner was in the internment camp. The police think he arranged his escape. Anyway, he fixed it for him to stop here. He owns this place, apparently. Fielding is only an employee."

"But about Lorice?"

"Forced into it. Drifted into it. She thought she owed her uncle something, I suppose. He'd done everything for her. It didn't seem much to do in return—to doll herself up to resemble Margaret as much as she could, and stick in that brooch, and send a wire from Merringbah in her name. That, and a few lies and cutting off a button. She didn't know what it would lead to, poor kid. What are you going to do after you leave here?"

"Go on to Sydney with Margaret. And you?"

"I'll go back to Sydney, too. We might see each other there. That is, if you'd care to."

"You know I would."

"I want to see that doctor," said Cunningham. "I seem to have stood quite a lot in the last few hours. I want to see if it's made me worse—or better. Trouble is, I've almost forgotten I've been ill, and I want someone to remind me of it, or to tell me it's all nonsense. I want to start in on something again. And, of course, I want to marry you."

"I suppose you realise there's a war on, Mr. Cunningham?"

"I had a fair idea. I suppose you realise I love you, Miss Heydon?"

"I had a fair idea."

"And you?"

The door opened, impelled by the end of a heavy log carried on the shoulder of Mr. Leslie Daskey.

"Oh, there you are," he said. "I wanted to see you people. We're mixed up on a nasty business, it seems, and I have a favor to ask. Nothing very much, really—" He dumped the log on the fire. "Some of the ladies here have gathered the idea—I don't quite know how—that I'm a man of some social importance in Sydney. Actually, I'm a pants-presser at Pinkington's. I just mention this in case you are asked."

"We'll remember it, Mr. Daskey," said Sheila, gravely.

"Thank you so much."

He sidled out.

"What were we talking about?" asked Sheila.

"We were discussing marriage," said Cunningham.

"In general?"

"In particular. What do you think of it."

"I am in favor of it," said Sheila.

Slowly, like a man who had been waiting for a long time for just that, and had no intention of hurrying over it, he took her in his arms.

The door opened again.

"Oh, I say," said Mr. Daskey, plaintively. "I'm sorry—I had no idea—but the fact is Mrs. Carew-Poole and Mrs. Bowley want some milk for the tea, and I can't manage the cow."

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Animal Antics

". . . . and to sum up the play in a few well-chosen words . . . it stinks!"

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THE stars prophesy good fortune for many people during the current week-end, also for Government institutions and companies.

Australia should benefit considerably.

Moreover, the sun moves from the sign Virgo into that called Libra on Friday, thus promising an easing of recent difficulties for most Geminians, Sagittarians, and Piscean; an element of decided good fortune for several weeks to come for many Librans, Geminians, and Aquarians, and a number of Sagittarians and Leonians; and a need for caution in their affairs on the part of Cancerians, Capricornians, and Arians, who may experience difficulties, upsets, and losses for several weeks.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Beware of pitfalls of all kinds. Avoid discord, parting rashness, opposition, changes, carelessness, and disappointments, especially on September 24. September 22 is fair from sunrise to forenoon, then doubtful. September 23 just fair.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 22): September 23 (around 8 a.m.) very helpful, then fair. September 33 much helpful. September 24 (around noon) and September 27 to 10 a.m. fair.

GEMINI (May 23 to June 22): The week starts badly, improves, ends poorly, so be cautious. September 21 adverse, September 22 poor to 9 a.m. September 24, forenoon fair and afternoon very good. September 25 excellent, especially around dawn hours and from 3 p.m. onwards past midnight; utilise these hours fully. September 26, late afternoon very fair. September 27, be cautious.

CANCER (June 23 to July 21): A mixed week, so be cautious. Stays fairly but ends poorly. September 22 poor before sunrise, fair to forenoon. September 23 just fair. September 24, forenoon fair. Live quietly for a few weeks.

LEO (July 22 to August 24): Modest opportunities for wide-awake Leonians. September 24, afternoon quite good, then fair. September 26 can be very good from dawn to after midnight; utilise. September 28, late afternoon very fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): September 21 poor; September 22, from 7 a.m. to 10 a.m. fair; September 23 just fair. September 24, forenoon, and afternoon good. September 25, dawn to midnight very fair. September 27 fair before 10 a.m. September 28 fair after midday.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Opportunities possible, so plan for desired goals. September 21 to 24 poor, but afternoon of September 24 very good and evening fair. September 25 excellent from dawn right past midnight. September 26, afternoon good, balance fair. September 27 good before 10 a.m., then fair except near sunset.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): September 22 fair from sunrise to 10 a.m., then just fair. September 23 just fair. September 24 and 27, forenoons helpful for modest ventures.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): September 23 can be surprisingly fortunate for wise Sagittarians from dawn to after midnight. September 24 (afternoon) good, too. Also September 25 (afternoon), with balance of day fair. September 21, 27, and 28 poor.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Take things quietly now for nearly four weeks. Especially September 21 (afternoon), September 22 (morning), September 23, and early September 24. Avoid changes, arguments, upsets, obstacles, and worries.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Things now improve for several weeks to come, but avoid aggressive actions, errors, over-confidence just yet. Especially September 24 to September 26. Plan to seek desired goals next week.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Be cautious on September 21. September 27 and 28 poor, too. September 24 (afternoon) and September 25 mildly helpful, but routine affairs are advised just now.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"That's funny, he's not a bit like that in MY diary!"

Fashion PATTERNS

F6402

F6402. — Cleverly designed two-piece for summer wear. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3311

F3311. — Strikingly smart design. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2313

F2313. — New, unusually smart style. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F6368

F3204

F1449

Needlework Notions

FROCK FOR THE 4 TO 6-YEAR-OLDS

This darling frock comes to you with the pattern traced clearly on English "Percale" floral cotton in shades of red, green, blue, and deep cherry, on an all-white background, ready to cut and sew.

The design shows a small Peter Pan collar, short sleeves, dainty scallaped and embroidered front bodice, and a slightly flared panel skirt.

Size 1 to 2 years, 8/6 (4 coupons); size 2 to 4 years, 9/11 (4 coupons); and size 4 to 6 years, 10/6 (5 coupons). Postage 6½d. extra.

Please ask for No. 396.

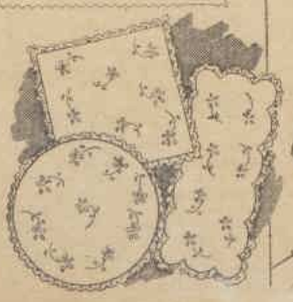
ALL-PURPOSE D'OYLEYS

Traced on hard-wearing Indian muslin in attractive shades of lemon, white blue, pink, green, and natural, these three mats are stamped with an all-over floral design ready to embroider.

Round and square mat each measure 8 x 8; sandwich mat 5 x 11 inches. Price, each, 11d. plus 1½d. postage —or set of three, 2/6 plus 1½d. postage.

Please ask for No. 390.

DON'T be disappointed if your needlework order doesn't reach you by return post. Under present conditions, delays are unavoidable. You can be sure your order will be despatched as soon as possible.



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Charming Fashion Frock in suedelaine

Fashioned from a new, medium-weight material, suedelaine, **"SHEELAGH"** is most suitable for present and spring wearing. Attractive shades: Moonlight-grey, subdued-pink, heaven-blue, gold-dust, and forest-green.

The unusual waistline treatment of this frock sets it apart from ordinary styles. Note unpressed fullness of the skirt-front. The back is plain. High-setting neckline finished with a rolls bow of self material, with shirring at each side of the shoulder completes the design.

Ready to Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, 37/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 39/11 (13 coupons). Plus 1/9½ postage.

Cut Out Only—ready to sew at home: 32 and 34in. bust, 41/9 (13 coupons); 36, 38, 40in. bust, 42/6 (13 coupons). Plus 1/9½ postage.

How to obtain **"SHEELAGH"**: In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3988BB, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, be sure to state bust, length, and hip measurements and name of model.

F3204.—Charming, special occasions frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F6368.—Sweet, prettily designed nightgown. Note flowing skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and 2½yds. narrow lace. Pattern, 1/10.

F1449.—Dear little pinafore frock for the 2 to 8-year-olds. Requires ½yd. for blouse, and 1yd., 36ins. wide for skirt. Pattern, 1/4.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children, state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

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FROM LONDON comes this photo of Queen Elizabeth speaking to a woman driver in the W.A.A.F. at the Salvation Army Red Shield Club, in London.

HAPPY SCENE at Recreation Hall, Mackay, when Mrs. Roosevelt is greeted by U.S. sailors at dance given by Air Force "Victorettes." Mrs. Roosevelt was made an honorary member of the "Victorettes."

On and Off Duty.

FAMOUS American dancer Ray Bolger and pianist "Little" Jack Little, who have been touring U.S. battle stations entertaining the troops, spend few days in Sydney between trips.

Ray tells me of numerous adventures on his tours, and how they often travelled on jeeps through heavy mud to give their shows. "Once I danced on the back of a G.I. truck while Jack accompanied me on the harmonium.

"Another time we were in a plane when the pilot came in and told us to put on our parachutes as the plane was lost.

"I went to my kit, and got two packs of cigarettes, two flashlights, and a revolver to take on the jump. 'Little' Jack Little regarded the gun with scorn, and asked acidly if I was going to shoot a few ducks on the way down. However, we found our course, and didn't have to jump after all."

Ray has collected numerous souvenirs of his trips, but best of all likes his "short-snorter" bill, which has been signed by General MacArthur. (Everyone who crosses the Pacific by plane has dollar bill signed by all fellow-passengers. Bill must be produced when fellow "short-snorter"—anyone who has crossed by plane—asks for it, and bills are signed all over again.)

Ray tells me he hopes to come back after the war, "just for a trip."

He wants to bring his wife with him, and show her all the places he has been during his tour.

• • •

MAJOR and MRS. J. G. GRAHAM christen their baby daughter Heather Mary, at St. Joan of Arc Church, Haberfield.

Padre Myers, A.I.F., performs the ceremony, and Molly Cahill and Captain H. Snelling, A.I.F., are godparents.

• • •

AUREOLE Lorraine Richardson and Jack Fudge are married at St. Mary's recently.

Bride, who is only child of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Richardson, of Rockdale, is attended by Ann Court, and bridegroom, who is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Fudge, of Sydney, is attended by Tom Dunwoody.

Bride, groom, and best man first met while they were all pharmacy students at Sydney University.

Reception is at Vere Matthews', and before she leaves on her honeymoon bride gives her bouquet to her grandmother, Mrs. Gilcrest Smith.

• • •

COUNTRY wedding recently for Freda Richter and Pte. Keith Mills, A.I.F. They were married at St. Peter's, Church of England, Ourimbah.

Bride, who is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Richter, of Ourimbah, is attended by Esme Wells and Norma Lawrence, and bridegroom, who is the second son of Mr. H. A. Mills, of Gosford, and the late Mrs. Mills, is attended by his brother, Pte. Laurie Mills, A.I.F., and Pte. Tom Jarrett, A.I.F.

Guests were received at the Ourimbah School of Arts.

• • •

NEWS from Scotland of christening of the baby daughter of Lieutenant Henry Harcus Bolton, R.N.V.R., and his wife, formerly Gwen Shepherd, of Vaucluse.

Gwen, now living at Ayr, Scotland, writes to say have chosen Geraldine as baby's name.

FAMOUS AMERICAN DANCER Ray Bolger (right) shows American Red Cross worker Priscilla Necker and pianist Jack Little, who, with Bolger, toured forward battle stations for U.S.O., his outsize "Short-snorter" bill, while dining at Prince's.

REFRESHER COURSE. A.c.w. Jura Westland and A.c.w. Madge Curtis Elliott finish their refresher course in driver motor training.

MARRIAGE ARRANGED. Mrs. Frank Getting and Commodore R. G. Comans, U.S. Navy, whose marriage is scheduled at St. John's Cathedral, Brisbane.

CORPORAL ENID MURIEL LORD, W.A.A.A.F., eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Lord, announces her engagement to Sergeant Pieter Rozema, R.N.E.I.A.A.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Rozema, of Groningen, Holland.

• • •

NAVAL wedding at Christ Church, Enmore, for Marjorie Blatch and Chief Petty Officer Russell Keen, R.A.N.

Bride's sister, Alma, and Betty Bourke are bridesmaids, and best man is Chief Petty Officer Stan Keys, and groomsman is Petty Officer Ron Turner, both R.A.N.

Marjorie is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Blatch, of Marrickville, and Russell is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keen, of Northcote, Melbourne.

THREE HUNDRED performers take part in "Cavalleria Rusticana" operatic concert scheduled for Town Hall this Wednesday. Concert proceeds are donated by A.B.C. to Red Cross funds, and special auxiliary committee, of which Lady Gordon is president, handles concert arrangements.

• • •

MRS. J. BATHGATE, acting president of the Anti-Aircraft Searchlight Women's Auxiliary, tells me the committee will have distinguished speaker at their meeting this Friday, and all friends of auxiliary are invited.

At the meeting plans for the auxiliary's dance at Legacy Club on October 2 will be discussed, and afternoon tea will be served.

AT MERCHANT NAVY CLUB, Mrs. Cassie Godfrey sells Ordinary Seaman J. Davey, of Melbourne, a lucky ticket for the tub of orchids donated by Mrs. Robert Dixon.

THE Russian Section of the Russian Medical Aid has now its own offices and ballroom at 727 George Street.

President Mrs. A. Gorsky tells me that their first function will be a dinner on September 26, in the new rooms, to which friends and members of the committee have been invited. Russian dishes will be served.

First dance at the new rooms will be on October 2, and inquiries may be made by ringing Miss Lang (FA2914).

Betty

FILM GUIDE

★★ **The Navy Comes Through.** An action-packed and exciting naval adventure that should provide entertainment fare for war-minded audiences. This film reveals the story of a merchant marine ship and its successes against the enemy, in spite of terrific handicaps and dangers. Pat O'Brien and George Murphy give good performances, but Jane Wyatt, who provides the romantic angle, is uninspired. Amongst the strong supporting cast Carl Esmond and Jackie Cooper are especially outstanding.—Plaza; showing.

★★ **Unpublished Story.** A diverting British film revolving around the doings of the Secret Service and a big newspaper—and with the inevitable Nazi agents thrown in for good measure. The story frequently lacks conviction, and is too far-fetched, but the cast is splendid. Richard Greene, who was released by the Army to make this film, handles the leading role capably, and Valerie Hobson does nicely in the only important feminine part.—Lyceum; showing.

★ **Always a Bridesmaid.** This show presents the Andrews Sisters as singing hostesses in a Lonely Hearts Club, which is suspected by the authorities of providing a cover for racketeers. The story is dull, and Patric Knowles and Grace McDonald, as the romantic couple, do little to help things along. However, swing fans will enjoy the catchy musical numbers, and the spectacular dancing of the Jivin' Jacks and Jills. — Cameo and Capitol; showing.

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Four new screen faces

● *Jane Farrar, niece of famous diva, Geraldine Farrar, who plays a featured singing role in Universal's technicolor remake of "Phantom of the Opera," in which Nelson Eddy is starred.*

● *Richard Whorf was a successful actor on the New York stage, and was seen by an MGM talent scout, and given a screen contract. He is now recognised to be one of Hollywood's finest character actors, and recently completed an important role in "Keeper of the Flame," with Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. He is working in "Assignment in Brittany" at present.*

● *Jennifer Jones, a shy, unknown girl from Oklahoma, was selected by David Selznick to play the leading role in the important Fox film, "Song of Bernadette."*

● *Margaret O'Brien, brilliant six-year-old discovery, will be seen in the title role of MGM's filmisation of W. L. White's popular story, "Journey for Margaret," and has been chosen to play Jane Eyre as a child in the screen version of the Bronte novel. Joan Fontaine plays Jane as a woman.*

Movie World

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Don't Take Chances

SMASH COLD & FLU ATTACKS with 'ASPRO'

For 25 Years 'ASPRO' has been proved for COLDS-FLU and SORE THROATS - *Don't Delay* Take 'ASPRO' when first Symptoms appear

***Follow these* DIRECTIONS...**

COLDS & 'FLU

2 to 3 Tablets immediately first symptoms appear and 2 Tablets every 3 hours afterwards. Take a hot lemon drink with the last dose before retiring.

SORE THROAT

Gargle with Aspro every three hours. Mix 3 Tablets in half-glass of water, making fresh mixture each time.

Prices 3D & 1/3 Packet

"There is NO SALES TAX on ASPRO."

5/43

No time for love

1 **ACE PHOTOGRAPHER** Katherine (Claudette Colbert) goes into underground tunnel to get pictures of workman, Jim (Fred MacMurray), and causes fight.

2 **WHEN PHOTOS** of fight are printed Jim is suspended and quarrels with Katherine and sister, Hoppy (Ilka Chase).

3 **BECAUSE** Jim lost his job through her, Katherine takes him on as her assistant, and they do a series of glamor pictures.

5 **WORK** on tunnel project is held up through seepage, and Jim is recalled, but Katherine ruins his experiment.

4 **ON AN ASSIGNMENT** Jim meets Darlene (June Havoc), and romance blooms.

6 **KATHERINE** develops her pictures and manages to prove that the experiment was really successful, and Jim is then reinstated.

Spirited comedy romance

PARAMOUNT'S fast-moving comedy, "No Time For Love," reunites Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert for the first time since "The Gilded Lily." Most of the action of the film takes place in an underground tunnel, and to assure authenticity Charles Wall, inspecting engineer for all New York tunnel projects, was brought from the East as technical adviser. Mr. Wall passed all the original blueprints with a few minor changes, and when he returned to New York he altered a method of strut support which had been used for 20 years. Credit for this innovation goes to Lou Vance, set co-ordinator of the picture, who is an expert engineer.

OUR SERGEANT SALLY
HAD A DATE
BUT KIT INSPECTION
KEPT HER LATE

WE ALL CRIED
"GOSH! YOUR HANDS! THE GRIME!
YOU'LL NEVER GET THEM
CLEAN IN TIME!"

BUT SHE SAID
"HUH! GRIME BEAT THIS GAL?
SPOIL MY ROMANCE?
YOU DON'T KNOW SAL!"

AND **SOLVOL** GOT
HER HANDS SO CLEAN
SHE WON THE HEART OF
GUNNER GREEN!

ALL HANDS TODAY NEED —

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. 5.80.04

WALKIE-TALKIE SETS

Those amazing duplex short-wave portables, carried on soldiers' backs in actual combat — are kept in action by long-lasting Eveready batteries.

YOU CAN HELP US IN OUR WAR JOB!

Go easy on your flashlight batteries so we keep our Fighting Boys supplied. The best way to make your flashlight batteries last longer is to keep flashing on and off when you use them. If you leave your flashlight burning for minutes at a time you wear out your batteries sooner.

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK
The extra long life battery

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JOY TOYS *for the* CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS

● No need to worry over the problem of what to give your kiddies for Christmas. Make these fascinating toys yourself from odds and ends of material.

● Clearly traced patterns are available. All you have to do is to follow the simple, step-by-step directions and you'll make such lovely gifts.

THOUSANDS OF MOTHERS, sisters, adoring aunts are busily making these famous Joy Toys to gladden the hearts of the tinies at Christmastide. Don't miss the opportunity of securing patterns and directions for making at least one of these fascinating toys for some little Australian.

JUST imagine what an extra special surprise your little girl will get on Christmas morning if you make her the lovely Shirley doll or darling Sally the Rag Doll.

Then there's a dear little doggie, a cute "teddy," festive-looking elephant, and the toy that all tinies adore—Peter the Rabbit.

You see them all in the picture.

Nothing has been left to chance in the assembling of the patterns.

Each pattern is clearly traced. If reasonable care is taken, the original pattern should last for a number of years.

The instructions are simple and very easy to follow. Illustrated diagrams accompany the step-by-step directions, so that anyone can follow them easily and well.

Every instruction sheet tells you how to place the material on the pattern; what kind of materials to use.

The scrap bag should yield up suitable materials; if not, then turn your attention to unwanted evening dresses, jackets, coats, out-dated dresses and the like.

Details and prices

SHIRLEY the Doll: Pattern and directions for making Shirley, plus full directions, together with diagrams, cost 2/-; patterns and directions for making Shirley's wardrobe, embracing hat, dress, petticoat, and panties, cost 6d.

Her pretty face mask with hair attached costs 6d.

Please note that complete outfit for Shirley costs 3/-, post free. So, if you require the outfit please send postal note for 3/-.

Material for making Shirley should cost nothing, because the scrap bag will yield sufficient for her wardrobe.

Sally the Rag Doll: Patterns and complete directions for making Sally (including bonnet, frilly skirt, and bootees) cost 2/-. The cloth face mask costs 3d.

Please note that the complete outfit for making darling Sally costs 2/3, post free.

Very little in the way of material is required for the dressing of Sally. You can make several sets, embracing skirt, bonnet, and bootees, from scraps or the best parts of kiddies' worn or outgrown frocks.

Pongo the Dog: Patterns, plus step-by-step directions and diagrams for making dear little Pongo, cost 2/-, post free.

Scraps of felt or velveteen, or any serviceable material that can stand up to hard wear and tear on the part of the adoring owners, can be utilised. Do finish him off with a festive bow.

Bruno the Bear: Clearly traced patterns with full directions and diagrams for making this very cuddlesome "teddy" cost 2/-, post free.

Felt, furry fabric, velveteen scraps can be utilised. A sturdy material is necessary because he, too, must be made to outlast a lot of cuddling. Bruno is finished off with a bow tie and looks all the smarter for it.

Jumbo the Elephant: Patterns and easy-to-follow directions and diagrams for making this fascinating Jumbo cost 2/-, post free.

Use felt, velvet, flannel, or any sturdy material to make Jumbo. His howdah is made from the gayest scrap of silk or satin and trimmed with braid or what-have-you.

As soon as you secure patterns for the toys you fancy, you can make them in leisure hours while listening to the radio or the family chatter. They're such fun to make, and what joy you'll bring the youngsters at Christmastide!

Where to get the patterns

PATTERNS may be obtained from any one of The Australian Women's Weekly offices, from Myer's (Melbourne and Adelaide), David Jones' (Sydney), Finney Isles (Brisbane), Fitzgerald's (Hobart), The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen (Sydney).

As a limited number of patterns are available, a first, second, and third choice should be made when ordering by mail.

IF ORDERING BY MAIL USE THIS COUPON

JOY TOY COUPON

PLEASE complete this coupon carefully, enclose the necessary amount, and post it to The Australian Women's Weekly in your own State, as under:

JOY TOY PATTERN DEPARTMENT

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 66D, G.P.O., Hobart.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

STREET .....

SUBURB .....

STATE .....

For preference, please send me the following pattern, etc.:—

CHOICE No. 1 .....

CHOICE No. 2 .....

CHOICE No. 3 .....

If ordering "Shirley" or "Sally" we advise you to buy the complete outfit. "Shirley" 3/-, "Sally" 2/3.

Choice 2 or 3 will be used only if No. 1 is unavailable.

25/9/43

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A Case for Steedman's

Baby cuts teeth easily when habits are kept regular and the bloodstream cool by using Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years mothers have relied upon them—the safe aperient up to 14 years.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

EXHAUSTING LINGERING

BRONCHIAL COUGHS

QUICKLY STOPPED

Three-way relief for coughs, colds, bronchitis, sore, harsh throats.

MOUNTAIN MIXTURE lets you breathe. A single dose eases the tight screwed-up congestion, and the warming, penetrating thymus, carragreen and peppermint relieve the cough that leaves you breathless and makes your throat red raw. MOUNTAIN MIXTURE acts at once, so get in touch with its soothing benefits right away. Buy a bottle under the guarantee that unless your cold begins to clear at once you may have your money back.

SOOTHES DEEP DOWN

Mount-tain Mixture PEPPERMINT

The Conqueror's Day

Continued from page 5

BUQUET walked quickly to the door.

"Gott in Himmel!" von Plauen exploded. "He taunts me, that impudent ——. Captain Metzger, arrest that swine. We shall execute him at dawn to-morrow as a retribution for acts of sabotage committed against us."

"Yes, Herr Commandant," Metzger sounded pleased.

"And I want it announced that the two boys you hold will be shot to-morrow night unless those who have organised sabotage against us are revealed."

"Yes, Herr Commandant."

. . . . . .

That evening, von Plauen's telephone rang. The voice in French was strange to him.

"This is M Picheul," the voice said, "teacher of chemistry in the local school."

"Yes?" For the moment von Plauen did not recognise the name.

"You arrested my boy!"

"Oh, yes," von Plauen said loftily. "I have the information that you want about sabotage."

"Good, good!" von Plauen said eagerly.

"If I may talk to you to-night—"

"Certainly! At once!"

Von Plauen could scarcely wait to call Metzger. "It worked," he said jubilantly. "I thought these Frenchmen might value their sons."

A few minutes after eight, as Metzger and von Plauen waited impatiently, an orderly announced, "M Picheul."

"Search him first," von Plauen said cautiously.

In five minutes two orderlies brought in a cadaverous old man. One of them announced, "I found nothing on him, Herr Commandant, but a pocket handkerchief."

Picheul stood awkwardly, leaning on a heavy cane. His face was thin and grey. Von Plauen rose and subjected him to searching scrutiny.

"Monsieur!" Picheul began, his voice hoarse. "You arrested my boy."

Metzger nodded.

"You are serious." Picheul stared at von Plauen. "Will he be shot if the saboteurs are not revealed?"

Von Plauen smiled grimly. "We Germans keep all promises."

"Very well," Picheul said. "Then I will talk; but first alone to you, monsieur, without Captain Metzger."

Von Plauen hesitated for a second. "Very well! Captain Metzger, just step out into the hall."

Metzger left, followed by the two orderlies, and Picheul seemed less ill at ease. He cleared his throat. "May I have a cigarette?"

"Certainly! Help yourself!" He offered a packet.

"And a match?"

Von Plauen offered the matches. Picheul lit a cigarette, then held the matchbox and juggled it.

"I can tell you who is responsible for all the anti-German activity here," he began. He played with the matches. "It is the mayor, M Buquet."

Von Plauen leaned back judicially. "Can you prove it?"

"I can prove it." Picheul held a match in one hand, his cane in the other. "Free him and you will see the activity continues."

Von Plauen laughed. "Isn't that a little too simple?"

"I said, free him." Picheul lit the match and held it as it flamed high.

"What are you doing?" von Plauen suddenly snapped.

"Holding this match near my cane, monsieur. In the handle is a fulminate cap. In the cane is guncotton!"

Von Plauen made a quick move.

"Don't do anything, monsieur, or I shall put the match to the cap."

For a second von Plauen sat staring at the old man, not sure what to do, not sure what to believe.

"I made the gun-cotton in my high-school laboratory," Picheul said pleasantly. "I took cotton cloth and I had the proper acids. How else could I bring explosives by your guard, save in an old hollow cane?"

Von Plauen sat frozen as Picheul lit another match. "You are mad! What do you want?"

Picheul grunted. "Take the telephone, call the Gestapo, and free the mayor and the two boys."

Von Plauen hesitated.

"Do you want me to apply the match?" Picheul asked quietly.

"No, no!" Von Plauen took the phone and gave the order to a surprised under-officer. He saw a new match flare in Picheul's hand. Then he said, "I'm sure you've been under a strain. Can't we talk like intelligent men?" He carelessly moved his hand nearest the desk drawer.

"Don't reach for a weapon," Picheul said, holding a match. "My hand is none too steady." He smiled.

Von Plauen sank back in his chair "Don't you realise that if you set off an explosion here to-night there will be an investigation here to-morrow and your whole town will suffer—perhaps your wife and son? What do you gain?"

Picheul smiled. "Nothing will happen to the town. In your mail to-morrow will come a letter asking permission to demonstrate the new explosive I have invented and about which I have written you so many times. It will be judged an accident, monsieur." A match flickered in his hand and he quickly lit another one. "And the swine Metzger will go with us, too!"

With a lightning quick move von Plauen slid from his chair under his desk. Then he screamed, "Help!"

Picheul looked at the door, saw it open, and watched for Metzger to appear. Then he moved the flaming match against the cane handle and held it towards von Plauen.

(Copyright)

Monkey Business

Continued from page 4

He never finished that remark. There was a flutter of steps coming up from the lower hallway. It was Elise, her lovely face strained.

She stopped as she spied him, then came on with a rush, and, oblivious of the presence of a startled witness, went precipitously into Elliot's arms.

"Oh, darling, let me look at you! Are you all right? Oh, what a stupid, selfish beast I've been, Elliot! Are you sure you feel all right? You must see a doctor. I won't sleep until I'm sure you haven't got it!"

"Got it?" He was too anaesthetised with happiness to wonder about the why and wherefore of this miracle. "Oh, you mean the monkey? Matter of fact, I was just . . ."

"Monkey!" Elise stiffened with horror. "I never want to see a monkey again, Elliot! You don't know what I've been through! Henry came over last night sick with anxiety. He just heard that these particular monkeys carry the most dreadful tropical disease. It's worse than leprosy and sleeping sickness. He said he just found out that Jocko and Beppo had come from the most infected area in India. I know now that Jocko must have died and you were trying to break it gently. But to think I'm responsible for your being exposed to it! Are you sure you feel all right, darling? Henry said that the first sign is . . . Why, who's that? Elliot, isn't that Henry?"

The young man referred to was at that instant slipping down the stairs with a hat hauled over his eyes. He was hugging a viper to his bosom.

"Oh, him," Elliot said hurriedly as he guided Elise towards the safety of his room. "Why, that's just a rather disreputable character by the name of Tony who works his way through reform school selling stolen property from door to door. Go away, my good man." Elliot waved his hand impatiently. "Can't you see we're busy? Can't you see monkeys distress my fiancee?"

"Look," a sepulchral voice came up from the darkness, "you can't do this to me—you—you Quisling! Ow! He's eating through my shirt. What am I going to do with this beast, you—you . . ."

Elliot bundled Elise on into the room, then, poking his shoulders out through the door, he flipped a coin down the stairs. "All you need to steal now is a hand organ. Now run along. I told you I was busy."

(Copyright)

He roamed about for a few more hours, bumping into people, walking through red lights. Then in the middle of Fifth Avenue, completely surrounded by honking cabs, Elliot surrendered. He was still in love with Elise. He couldn't live without her. If it meant having monkeys on his chandeliers, a seal in his bathtub, or even rats in his belfry—he still wanted Elise back!

With that realisation the idea was born. He would return bearing a gift. He would get Jocko for her. But this time he'd hire an expert. He could think of no one more eminently fitted for the job of defrauding a helpless girl than this Henry Gregory. Elliot went across the Avenue to telephone.

"Listen," he said, coming right to the point when an irritable voice came over the wire, "it's about that monkey."

"Monkey? Oh, it's you again!" Henry Gregory moaned. "How many times have I to tell you I haven't any monkey?"

"I know," Elliot said. "But you're going to get that monkey."

"Oh, I am, am I! If I never see a monkey again—particularly that monkey——"

"For fifty dollars would you see that monkey?"

"Not for ten thousand dollars—say, are you crazy? You mean you'd give fifty dollars for that monkey I gave away?"

"Make it seventy-five dollars—cash!"

A whistle came over the wire. Then after a pause: "I could use the money, but how could I get the monkey? Didn't I tell you I gave him away?"

"How? Haven't you any ingenuity? Steal him!"

"Steal him! Steal him for seventy-five dollars? What do you think I am?"

"I'll make it a hundred."

"Well, that's different." Then Henry was suspicious again. "How do I know you've got a hundred?"

"You bring that monkey to my flat to-morrow at nine." He told him the address. "And you'll get your money—you crook!"

Elliot slept restively that night. He was nibbling nervously on a piece of dry toast when the doorbell sounded the next morning at nine. There was Henry, looking just about as Elliot had expected he would. He was, unfortunately, too big to punch in the nose.

Henry looked pleased with himself. "I assume," he said, "that you are the frantic monkey dealer."

"And I assume," Elliot returned acidly, "that you have succeeded in stealing the monkey from a poor defenceless woman."

"I have," said Henry, impervious to insult. "He's right here inside my coat. But first I want the dough. And I might add that I didn't find it necessary to steal him."

"How did you get him without stealing him? Elise wouldn't sell him."

"What do you care how I got him? Suffice it that I have him. Now how about it? I've got to be going. I have a social life of my own."

A sudden rush of panic surged through Elliot. "Look here, you—you monkey snatcher, if you've done anything to hurt——"

Why I switched to Meds

—by a hospital nurse

It would be silly for a nurse not to keep up with modern ideas. I've used *internal* sanitary protection even though it cost me a lot more. But when I learned that the makers of Modess had brought out Meds — a new and improved tampon at only 1/8 a box of ten — I decided to try them. And am I glad I did! Meds are the best tampons I've ever used. And they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators that are so reasonable.

ONLY 1/8

EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MODESS

Meds

INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

Elasto

Take it — and Stop Limping

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force.

PRICE: 7/6 for one month's supply.

ELASTO, BOX 1552E, SYDNEY

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MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS:

PUTTING YOUR WOOLLIES AWAY? First wash in luke-warm suds, rinse three times. Squeeze out water, roll in heavy towel, knead gently, then pin to outline to dry.

● No matter how busy your life, spend a little care on those small jobs that make your home spring-like and gay and your clothes clean, fresh, new-looking.

KEEP OFF YOUR ELBOWS, GIRLS. Be coupon-conscious about your sleeves and beauty-conscious about your elbows.

MY smart young secretary walked in this morning, removed her well-tailored coat, and hung it on the door-knob. "What's a coat-hanger for, Patricia?" I asked. "Don't spoil the line, the hang of your coat, for the sake of a coat-hanger and a few seconds' effort."

* * *

YOU may not have a blaze of glory in your garden, but spare a few minutes of your time to pick a posy of mixed blooms, place in a flat bowl, and let it grace the centre of your dining-table. Gives such an uplift to the spirits of tired, home-coming workers.

* * *

IT is said that peroxide of hydrogen will remove that yellow look from much-washed baby woollies. You add a few drops in the final rinsing water.

SO many ask me how to remove transfer markings quickly from linen. The answer is methylated spirit (if you can get it).

* * *

WHEN washing those precious foundation garments be sure to open suspenders and undo any fastenings. Wash in warm soapy water and rinse till all traces of soap have disappeared. When drying throw garment over line so that weight falls evenly on both sides or, if a lightweight garment, it may be hung from suspenders. Remember, never iron elastic.

* * *

DO you make a soap jelly on wash days? Shredded soap dissolved in a little boiling water makes a bar of soap go twice as far as usual.

* * *

HAVE a jar of tapers or twisted paper spills (grandmother's word) in the kitchen; they save matches after the first gas burner is alight.

* * *

TO prevent threads working loose at the end of darts, leave the threads long enough to thread a needle—and then whip them down firmly.

ONION juice without tears: Cut in half and press on a lemon-squeezer. Better than grating.

* * *

YOU can revive old suede shoes by holding them over a good volume of steam from the spout of a kettle.

How to be a home-nurse without fears

● Nursing a sick patient is largely common sense with an extra lot of sympathy and gentleness thrown in.

By MEDICO

THESE days with hospital accommodation in such short supply many of the more simple cases have to be nursed at home.

The thought of nursing a patient at home, however, seems to terrify the amateur. Actually, there is nothing to it when you come down to hard facts; the art of nursing is really only common sense allied to kindness.

If there is any special treatment for the patient, your doctor will give you detailed instructions.

The first thing to do, of course, is to select a suitable room—one that is airy without being draughty. Remove all unnecessary furniture and heavy curtains, and leave only the bare essentials. The extras are merely "dust catchers," and if the sickness is infectious germs may linger in materials that cannot be washed or disinfected.

Give the patient a single bed, then he (or she) can receive attention from either side. A table the same height as the bed within easy reach will do for books and drinks, but not medicines; these should be kept well out of the patient's way.

There is nothing that makes the person in bed more irritable than crumpled sheets and pillows. So always keep a good supply of linen on hand, and change the bed-clothes frequently.

When you are giving medicines be sure you have the right bottle, and read the label carefully every time—never rely on your memory. Use a standard medicine glass, not just the kitchen spoon, and, if it is a liquid you are giving, shake the bottle thoroughly before each dose.

The amateur often forgets to shake down the thermometer before taking the patient's temperature; it's a good rule to shake it down after use, just to make sure.

Take extra care over the trays. A daintily served meal with a colored cloth, some flowers, and shining silver will do much towards tempting a wavering appetite.

If a visitor comes to see the patient, place a chair beside the foot of the bed, facing the head. In this way the patient will be able to see and speak to the visitor without turning sideways.

FOOD for the convalescent should be carefully prepared and nicely served. And if you want to look like a nurse, well, copy Lynne Carver, MGM player, above.

DO YOU KNOW?

DRAGON'S BLOOD AS DENTIFRICE! An ancient receipt for toothache says, "Take mastic and dragon's blood, of each a sufficient quantity, powder them and mix them together and let the patient use them as a dentifrice." Another popular remedy of olden times was to use the ashes of the ankle bones of a female goat, crushed to a fine powder.

NO WILD ANIMALS outlive their teeth. The reason for this is that without teeth the animal cannot catch and hold its prey, and therefore it must gradually starve to death. Animals in their wild state rarely, if ever, suffer from toothache.

CRAB WITH TEETH ON ITS LEGS! The horseshoe crab is the only living creature that has teeth on its legs. They are really sharp spines which act as teeth to cut food before swallowing.

THE SERI, a tribe of South Californian Indians now nearly extinct, use their sharp teeth and claw-like hands in the same manner as animals. They use them to bite and scratch their enemies when engaged in fighting.

TOOTH DECAY CAN BE PREVENTED. Twice-daily brushing with antiseptic Kolynos removes food deposits that often start decay. You prefer tooth powder? Use Kolynos Tooth Powder. Its superfine texture safeguards enamel.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM and TOOTH POWDER

I was crippled with Backache and Rheumatism, but since I've been taking Ford Pills regularly I am marvellously better. I am very grateful—I feel so wonderfully well.

Ford Pills are marvellous for Rheumatism, Indigestion, Constipation and Stomach troubles. They contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day.

Get Ford Pills in the new Red-and-Gold unbreakable tubes for 2/6 and 1/- everywhere.

2/6 tubes hold more than three times the 1/- tubes.

FE

FORD PILLS

Eczema Itch

Cause killed in 3 days

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible Itching, Cracking, Eczema, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly, and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble. The guarantee protects you.

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SHOW-OFF DISHES

. . . at comparatively low cost

● Mealtime satisfaction can be spoilt and even nutritive value of a dish lowered by unattractive presentation. Trick out your kitchen-front economy dishes with a few frills and note the family's enjoyment.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

COLOR ON THE TABLE has a tonic effect on appetite and spirit. Use fruit, garden or field flowers, or leaves, as centre-piece. Keep in use your gayest china and linen.

MONEY and time are more precious than ever, but a few minutes extra on each dish is more than worth the trouble.

A little "showing-off" is good for you as well as the family.

There's nothing expensive about the recipes on this page—good, homely ingredients that are blended to tempt the palate, please the eye, and measure up to nutritive requirements.

HARLEQUIN SLAW

(Serve as salad with hot macaroni cheese and coffee)

Three cups finely shredded raw cabbage, 1 cup sliced red radishes, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon (or to taste) finely chopped eschalot or onion, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 3 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice.

Prepare ingredients just before blending and serving. Blend and serve cold and crisp, with wafer-thin sandwiches of brown bread and butter.

FEATHER CRUST PLUM PIE

(Bake in individual casseroles if you have them)

Three cups stewed plums, drained of most of the juice (serve the juice as a spiced chilled cocktail), 1 or 2 cloves, 4oz. self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon margarine or dripping, 1 egg, 1/3rd cup milk, few nuts.

Place stewed plums, preferably strained from stones, in piedish or individual oven casseroles. Sweeten to taste. Add cloves (if individual service a small one to each casserole). Sift flour and nutmeg, add sugar, and rub in fat. Add beaten egg and milk, beating to a light batter. Pour on to plums. Sprinkle with nuts and bake in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

APPLE PIE, with fripperies of meringue, mint, and nuts, can make any meal a company meal. See recipe on this page.

SUSAN'S APPLE PIE

(Using dried apples)

Six ounces flour, 3oz. dripping, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon sugar, pinch salt, cold water, ½lb. dried apples, ¾ cup sugar (or to taste). Two egg-yolks, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, ¼ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons sugar, few nuts.

Make a quick, light pastry case by rubbing dripping into sifted flour and salt, lemon rind, and sugar, mixing to a dry dough with water, lining a pie plate, and baking in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for about 10 minutes. Wash the dried apples, and pick out a few apple rings.

Barely cover with water, add sugar, or sweeten with golden syrup, and place rings on top. Cover and cook until tender. Remove rings, and sprinkle with nuts. Whip apple to pulp, and pour into pie plate. Cover with custard made from egg-yolks, lemon rind, sugar and milk. Whip egg-whites to meringue with remaining sugar. Pile on pie. Garnish with nutty apple rings, and sprigs of mint.

HOT CHOCOLATE WEDGES

(Serve as sweet with lemon sauce)

Three-quarters cup sugar, 2oz. butter, or margarine or lard, ¼ teaspoon lemon rind, 1 egg, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, ½ cup boiling water, 1½ cups self-raising flour, ½ cup milk.

Melt fat and stir into sugar, beating well with the lemon rind. Beat in the cocoa, dissolved in the boiling water. Add the beaten egg, and then the sifted flour and milk. Beat until smooth. Pour into an eight-inch greased sponge sandwich tin, and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Cut in wedges for service. Top with lemon sauce and garnish with mint sprig.

PINEAPPLE MUFFINS

(Halve and fill with ice-cream for very special menu)

One cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon (heated well) butter or margarine or dripping, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, 1½ tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs (1 will do), 3 tablespoons milk (more if 1 egg used), ½ cup grated pineapple, small wedge-pieces of pineapple, little extra sugar.

Sift flour and rub in the fat. Add the lemon rind and sugar. Add the beaten egg and milk and mix smoothly. Place large spoonfuls in greased patty-tins. Top with small pineapple wedge rolled in sugar. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375deg. F.) for about 15 minutes. Serve freshly made as dinner sweet or tea cakes.

CURRIED MEAT CROQUETTES

(Serve on wafer-thin pineapple slices)

One pound minced meat (raw or cooked), 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon hot chutney, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, pepper and salt, egg or milk, breadcrumbs, and flour.

Combine the meat, flour, onion, parsley, chutney, and curry powder. Moisten as required, and cook over a low heat until well blended and smooth. If raw, cook until the mixture changes color. Season to taste, turn on to dish to cool. Mould into croquettes with floured hands. Coat with egg and crumbs, and deep-fry. Saute the pineapple slices in a little hot fat. Serve croquettes on pineapple.

CASSEROLE OF CURRIED TRIPE

(With cheesed potato, hot chutney, and tomato halves)

One pound tripe, ½ pint milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 onions, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 apple (fresh or dried), 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon curry powder (or to taste). Two cups creamed potato, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 or 4 tomatoes, chutney, pepper, and salt.

Blanch the tripe in boiling water. Drain and cut into one-inch pieces. Place in casserole with layers of sliced onion, chopped celery, and apple. Add 1½ cups boiling water. Season well, cover and cook slowly for 40 minutes. Add milk and flour, mustard and curry powder blended to a smooth thin paste.

Cook a further 30 minutes. Beat the egg and cheese into the potato, and cook for two minutes over a low gas. Bake or grill the tomato halves, top liberally with chutney.

Serve the tripe on a hot dish. Border on two sides with the cheesed potato sprinkled with parsley. Arrange the tomatoes on other 2 sides of dish. Serve lemon.

ORANGE FRUIT BAR

Two ounces butter or margarine, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon orange rind, 1 egg, ¾ cup fruit (mixed currants and sultanas or raisins), 4oz. self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons milk.

Cream fat and sugar and orange rind. Beat in the egg; add the fruit and, lastly, the sifted flour and milk. Cook in a greased bar-tin in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Turn out to cool. Serve on a dish with orange leaves.

To keep "fighting fit"

Starving people win no victories; that is why such immense efforts are made on both sides in blockade and counter-blockade.

The people must be fed—and well fed. It is inevitable therefore that the House of Heinz should come into the struggle.

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Luscious dessert captures prize

● All the home-tested recipes published on this page are prize-winners in our popular weekly contest. You'll like them all!

HERE'S A MEAT EXTENDER IDEA. Pound equal quantities of sausage-meat and potato, bind with flour, season. Cook on a hot, greased griddle, turning to brown. Serve with onion gravy and greens.

HARD-WORKING GIRLS please copy! . . . Diana Lyn, Paramount starlet, is a lass who works hard, and realises that good health and staying-power depend on regular and adequate meals. Above you see her enjoying a hearty luncheon.

ENTRIES for our weekly recipe contest should be in tune with the times, omitting ingredients on the short list and being simple and economical to prepare. They must have appetite appeal, and preference in judging is given to original ideas.

This week a pumpkin recipe wins a prize. By the way, pumpkin leaves can be treated as vegetable greens.

BANANA, HONEY, AND RAISIN ENVELOPE

Make a good shortcrust with 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup clarified dripping, squeeze lemon juice, and pinch of salt. Mix to a firm dough and roll into a square. Mix in a basin 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 nutmeg (grated), 1 teaspoon cinnamon, grated rind 1 lemon.

Spread raisin mixture on pastry and slice 3 bananas thinly over the whole. Fold half of pastry to centre, then other half over that, moisten edges, pinch together, and put into dish. Cream 1 cup honey, 2 cups boiling water, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Pour sauce over "envelope," bake ½ hour in a hot oven.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. L. Paul, 30 Winifred St., Adelaide.

HONEY FRUIT LOAF

Eight ounces wholemeal flour, ½ teaspoon ground nutmeg, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 cup chopped fruit (raisins preferably), 1 cup self-raising flour, 4oz. brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt.

Sift together dry ingredients. Rub the butter into the flour, add the fruit, and mix into a soft dough with the milk and honey. Bake in two well-greased round loaf-tins. Cook in a hot oven for about ½ hour. When cold, cut into slices and spread with butter.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Josephine O'Shea, c/o 16 Darley St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

THREE WAYS WITH PINEAPPLE SKIN

Pineapple Fruit Dish: Wash skin and core. Cover with water. Boil until soft. Strain and use for fruit drinks. Sweeten with honey or sugar.

Pineapple Honey: Wash skin and core. Cover with water. Boil until soft. Strain, and add 1 cup sugar to each cup of liquid. Boil until thick and consistency of honey. Bottle while hot, seal when cold. A delicious honey, and a beautiful amber color.

Pineapple Toffee: Proceed as for pineapple honey. Boil a little longer until the crack stage is reached (a little tested in cold water will crack when ready).

Remove from heat. Pour into well-greased tin. When nearly cool, mark into squares with a knife.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Thompson, 76 Elizabeth St., Granville, N.S.W.

OLD-FASHIONED YORKSHIRE PARKIN

Half pound flour, ½lb. treacle, ½lb. oatmeal, ½lb. lard, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, and a little milk.

Put flour, oatmeal, sugar, and ginger in a bowl, melt lard and treacle in a pan, mix carbonate soda well with milk and pour into the bowl; add treacle and lard; mix well. Pour into baking dish and bake in slow oven. This is easy to make and keeps well; also, it is very nourishing and cheap.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Wall, Parklands, Burnie, Tas.

SAVORY PUMPKIN CASSEROLE

One pound dry pumpkin, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 medium-size onion (minced), 1½ cups white sauce, 2oz shredded cheese.

Boil pumpkin and mash. Add butter, pepper and salt to taste. Add onion. Place in greased pie-dish or casserole. Pour over white sauce and sprinkle thickly with shredded cheese. Bake in moderate oven till browned. Serves four.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Price, Market Street, Trentham, Vic.

MEATLESS BREAKFAST RISSOLES

Boil together 1 cup of rolled oats and 3 cups of salted water for 15 minutes or until cooked. Then add 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 beaten egg, 2 teaspoons meat extract, a small diced onion, and a pinch of herbs. Form into rissoles with the hands, roll in dried breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat till a golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. R. Tilse, "Coonawarra," Wooloomba, via Scone, N.S.W.

Night-crying habit easily formed

By Our Mothercraft Nurse

SEVERAL letters have recently been received by our Mothercraft Service Bureau from young mothers stating that they have never had one night's undisturbed sleep since their babies were born.

Wrong feeding, such as gross overfeeding or underfeeding, wrong handling or over-stimulation, can all be causes of restless and unhappy nights for both mother and babe.

What most young mothers do not realise is that night-crying is one of the earliest habits a baby acquires.

If the young mother does not realise that her baby is rapidly becoming a spoiled baby and act promptly, she will never have peace at night and both nervous systems will suffer in consequence.

To let a baby "Cry it out" always sounds cruel, but is really the kindest and wisest treatment for "habit-crying."

A leaflet on this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau and will be sent if a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded with the request to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse envelope "Mothercraft."

Watch your purse . . .

There is power in our purses. Power to throw our weight behind the fighting men and bring them more quickly home. We play a poor hand for peace when we let money slip through our fingers. To play our full part in the war effort we must buy only those things we really need. Every coin in your purse is a shot in Australia's locker. Save them, lend them to the nation and they will multiply for post-war spending. When peace comes there will be more to buy. And how delightful it will be to choose as many Tootal* fabrics as you please; to have carefree clothes made of the new 'Tebilized'* brand fabrics that have tested crease-resistance.

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Don't delay and don't experiment. Go to your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. Use them faithfully and give your kidneys the help they need before it is too late. Millions of users the world over have had quick, satisfying relief. Do as your neighbour does—take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS to-day.***

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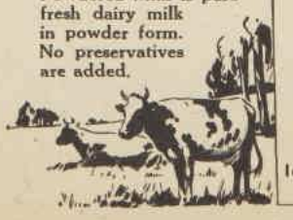

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FASHION THROUGH THE AGES

PURITAN ENGLAND

Cromwellian England was a land of violent contrasts. The Protector ruled with sword in one hand, Bible in the other, and the sumptuous fashions of the Cavaliers clashed with the rigid simplicity of the Puritans. Sectarianism not unnaturally found expression in colour. Whereas the Cavaliers flaunted the gayest colours attainable, the Puritans adopted dark, sombre shades. These were all laboriously produced from naturally occurring dyestuffs, most of which have now little more than museum interest. Nevertheless, their existence and use marked another stage in the development of the great craft which has culminated in the Dyestuffs Group of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.

THE Cavalier of Puritan England would be in his element if he lived today. His passion for gay colours would certainly find full expression . . . thanks to the amazing research activity of the British Dyestuffs Industry. Other branches of Chemical research have been burning the midnight oil, too! Take, for instance, their achievements in the modern field of Plastics.

Breath-taking strides have already been made in this direction . . . and one of the results is the wonderful plastic known as *"nylon"* . . . a made-to-order material for stockings, dress fabrics, tooth-brush bristles, surgical sutures, and similar everyday needs. Take *"Perspex"* as another example. It's half the weight of glass, more resistant and gives clearer vision! Others include *Acrylic resins* for modern dentures in natural colours, also *"Welvic,"* and rubber chemicals to toughen and improve natural rubber. To say nothing of products such as *"Velan"* . . . a finish for fabrics that makes them water-repellant and stain-resistant.

Yes. There are also other wonders to come. Things with which the Organic Chemist has only a nodding acquaintance today . . . but which will be very familiar to most of us tomorrow . . . familiar, yes, and indispensable, too!

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